

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

		PAGE
1. Sir E. B. Lytton, Novelist, Philosopher, and Poet,	<i>National Review,</i>	707
2. Luck of Ladysmeade. Part 5, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	727
3. The Liberal Party in France, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i>	745
4. Dean Trench's Select Glossary, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	747
5. New African Discoveries, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i>	750
6. Deficiency of Labor in the West Indies, . . . . .	<i>Economist,</i>	752
7. Hopes of Italy and Intentions of France, . . . . .	"	754
8. Can Italy be Worse? . . . . .	<i>Press,</i>	755
9. Peace of Villafranca and its Results, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	757
10. Germany and Louis Napoleon, . . . . .	" "	758
11. England and Prussia, . . . . .	" "	760
12. Life of Garibaldi, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i>	763
13. Waiting Italy, . . . . .	<i>Press,</i>	767
14. England and the Congress, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i>	767

POETRY.—*The Belle of the Season*, 706. *A Summer Psalm*, 706.

SHORT ARTICLES.—*The Waldenses Now*, 726. *Deaf and Dumb Father*, 744. *Bayle St. John*, 744. *Religious Awakening Among the Turks*, 746. *Bhool Shikan, or the Destroyer of Idols*, 751. *The City of Aurungabad*, 751. *Black Teeth*, 751. *Historical Society, Belgium*, 753. *Suicides Illustrés*, 753. *Sale or Sell*, 762. *Sale of Government Stores*, 768.

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THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

Yes, she is very beautiful, with sunlight in her glancing ;  
Her coral lips are parted to a music low and sweet ;  
The grace of all her movement swells to triumph in her dancing,  
And like snow-flakes on the flooring fall her dainty sandal'd feet.

Yes, she is very beautiful, and favor'd ones are round her,  
With eyes that look her being through—and hers not turn'd away—  
Still I would their homage seem'd not so all-powerless to confound her,  
That a blush were on her fair check at the burning words they say.

For the dance are many suppliants ; to win her hand's a labor ;  
There was one, I saw, who claim'd it, but she look'd him queenly down ;  
There were coronets in waiting, he was but a country neighbor,  
Who was he who dared ambition such a pride of place in town ?

Who was he ? Her childhood's playmate ; nay, perhaps her childhood's lover ;  
One whose pride was in her beauty, and her conquests, nothing more ;  
With her woodlands murmuring round her, and her pure home-skies above her,  
She will gladden him again, perchance, with greeting as of yore.

What is there in this atmosphere we call the world of fashion,  
That robs the heart at dawning of its innocence and truth ?  
There's calm of cold indifference, there's storm of summer passion,  
But no bright springtide wavelets for the tender barque of youth.

The chestnut-trees in Aubrey Park were white when first I knew her,  
And sweet broom-scented breezes came sweeping up the glen ;  
The brightest things in nature seem'd to throng her path to woo her ;  
They brought her all the flattery that thrill'd her spirit then.

Two summers silver-blossoming have brighten'd and have faded  
Since I met her in her morning's prime, half-woman and half-child,  
With the modest little bonnet that her violet eyes o'ershaded,  
And the maiden blush that mantled on her features when she smiled.

She came down to the gray old church when Sabbath bells were ringing,  
She came down calm and thoughtful through the arching linden-trees,

School-faces clustering round her, as her clear voice led the singing,  
And the dim reply of angels as her fingers swept the keys.

Round the jasmined cottage porches there was childhood's happy laughter ;  
For each she had some tender look, some kindly word to say ;  
She enter'd in ; it seem'd, they said, a blessing follow'd after,  
To cheer the poor sick pallet when her foot-fall died away.

Oh, they changed her when they brought her here, with a change that passes telling ;  
A countess stood her sponsor, and her fair face made her known ;  
But no more the streams of Aubrey will reflect the same sweet Helen,  
And no more the hearts that loved her so, will dare to claim their own.

Had they left there that image fair, that life so purely moulded ;  
Those links that bound her being round, those links of love unripen !  
What time is now for peaceful brow, for little hands prayer-folded ?  
What leisure for sweet offices that win the way to Heaven ?

Ay ! love her for her lovely face, and bless her for her brightness,  
But add one heartfelt hope for her, and think one thought of prayer,  
That she look not back too late for the old days' peace and lightness  
But to find a desert round her, where the sunny gardens were !

—Once a Week. RALPH A. BENSON.

## A SUMMER PSALM.

I LEAN upon the silent ground,  
Against the list'ning grass, to hear  
Wings beat the golden air to sound  
That rains like music on the ear.

The music of a million wings  
Blends with the whispering leaves and flowers,  
And the soft bells of hidden things  
Ring from the meadow's tiny towers.

Now languid nature pants and swoons,  
And fainting streamlets creep along ;  
But locusts blow their loud trombones,  
And coin the sunshine into song.

Grasshoppers dance and clap their palms,  
Where gilded snakes uncoil and run—  
And winged warblers sing their psalms,  
At early morn and set of sun.

GEO. W. BUNYAN.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

From The National Review.

SIR E. B. LYTTON, NOVELIST, PHILOSOPHER, AND POET.

*The Novels and Romances of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.* 20 vols. London: Routledge and Co. 1858.

*What will he do with it?* 4 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1859.

*The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.* 5 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

*What will he do with it?* and *My Novel* are Sir Bulwer Lytton's last and best works. This is no small distinction. It is a remarkable thing for a man to write some twenty books of imaginative fiction, and yet to retain a vigor of mind and a freshness of imagination capable of making new efforts which not only equal but surpass the first fruits of his genius. It is true these works and *The Caxtons* are not so much his own as some of his previous writings; but perhaps they are not altogether the worse for that. Grafted on a stock of Sterne or Dickens, they flourish with a new energy, and bloom with a fairness and completeness which the scion on its own roots had never attained to. *Pelham* alone of his earlier works enters into rivalry with his last two novels; while it contrasts with them in being pre-eminently his own. A first work—for *Falkland* was but an abortive attempt—is almost always more characteristic than any later one of the mind of the writer. There he does not spare himself; he brings into play all his energies, is lavish of all his resources, and gives a glimpse of every facet of his mind. His powers may afterwards develop in particular directions, and the proportions originally indicated no longer be preserved; but the man himself and the characteristics of his genius will generally be more compendiously illustrated in the first work which really has called out his full powers than in any subsequent one. And since *Pelham* first startled and pleased the world of novel-readers with its brisk witticisms, its sharp sarcasms and lively caricatures, its clever descriptions and skilful narrative, and annoyed them by its hardness, its affectations, and its pseudo-sentiment, every subsequent work has reflected the same merits and the same defects. But the circle of merits has widened, if that of defects has not contracted. What a world of patient industry, what an indefatigable striving to make the most of his vocation, what an

up-hill energy all these novels display! Never was man more true to his calling of artist than Bulwer has been. No hasty, slipshod productions have ever disgraced his powers. The love of fame is his darling passion; but no success has ever deluded him into believing that the wreath was safely grasped, and that he might sink into indolent security. Much of this zeal is due, no doubt, to the high estimate which the author has formed to himself of the influence and position of a novel-writer. He seems really to have persuaded himself that to write good romances is the highest achievement of the human intellect; possibly inferior to that of producing a great epic poem, but certainly by no other effort to be rivalled in its beneficial influence, or in its claims upon the gratitude of mankind. It is natural for a man somewhat to overrate the importance of his own sphere of activity; but it is obvious enough that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's judgment has been led further astray than it should have been by the fact that he has been successful in light literature, and attempted at least to write an epic poem. He exaggerates preposterously the influence of a novel-writer. He makes the wide diffusion which naturally belongs to entertaining writing, and the permanence which is inherent in printer's ink, too much the measure of the merit of a writer. An artist in written words owes much to the materials in which he works; and this is to be taken into account when we judge of different classes of minds by the results of their labors. It requires a far higher mind and nature altogether, faculties better balanced, wider reasoning powers, broader energies, more exact and extended knowledge, and a more capacious and active intellect, to be a great statesman than to hold any but the very highest places in the hierarchy of literature: but the name and the thoughts of even a moderately good novel-writer will be, and long remain, familiar to a large number of minds; while the renown of the statesman is merged in new claims to attention as soon as he ceases to have a personal control over affairs. His name, indeed, may survive, but his labors perish from remembrance, as one wave yields to another, and its force is only seen in the gradual advance of the whole tide. Modern experience has proved, that the power of expressing feelings and reproducing character with a truthfulness and skill greater than Sir

Edward Bulwer Lytton has attained to, is any thing but a rare gift, and it is the fashion to accord it a place much higher than that to which either its rareness or its intrinsic value entitle it. And not only the artist but his work is apt to be over-estimated, at least in one direction. It is the high function of art to refine and elevate the mind; to raise us above base pleasures and low-thoughted cares; to make beauty familiar,—beauty, whose gracious privilege it is that something of herself shall pass into those who habitually contemplate her. But the moving power of life—the will—art has little power to influence, and the artist mistakes his aim and arrogates too high a function when he assumes for his arbitrary creations the power to mould the heart and guide the actions of men. Realities alone have this power; and art only so far as it reproduces actual existences, past or present, or at least is believed to do so. The life of a great man, the experiences of a living spirit, have a powerful influence on other minds; they excite sympathy, admiration, emulation; the records of other men's actions control our own, the sight of their activity stimulates ours; their patience makes patience easier to us; their fortitude strengthens our power to bear. Is it so of the creations of the poet? We doubt it. Sometimes, indeed, consummate genius seems to introduce us to actual lives; but even then it has a less power over us for practical consequences than when some dauber heightens the coloring of facts. Has *Hamlet* or *Jack Sheppard* produced the greater number of actions?

We approach every work of art in two ways—either in sympathy with the artist, or in sympathy with the subject of his art; the two feelings mingle, and it is with a mixed admiration of the skill of the master, of the beautiful whole he has evolved, and of pity for the imploring mother, that we gaze on the statue of Niobe. But the mode in which we indulge our emotions under the influence of a work of art has, and always ought to have in it, something different from that stir of the feelings which acts immediately and powerfully upon the will. We do not say it cannot influence the will, or that it never does; but that in most men, and most in those who are capable of the highest pleasure in art, it is a sort of movement in subordination to the aesthetic faculty, a sort of voluntary submission to emotion with an undefined conscious-

ness that it is not pure and simple feeling we experience, but feeling excited for the sake of the pleasure there is in the movement of the feelings. We know it is not real, we know it does not demand action, that with all its vividness the poet's creation is a fantasy. When, in that scene which for appalling suspense is the masterpiece of the master-poet,—when Macbeth "towards his design creeps like a ghost," and his wife stands in his absence whispering her strained anticipations of the event,—our hearts, it is true, swell in our breasts, our blood stands still, we cease to breathe; but our instinct is not to rush forward and prevent; our excitement, however great, is one which permits us quietly to abide the issue. It is only the ignorant man who thinks Garrick in *Richard the Third* is a villain; and in proportion as we lose the sense of the presence of the controlling art, does the sculptor, the painter, or the poet exercise a lower influence upon us. It may be even said that the simple excitement of the feelings, unaccompanied by the sort of intellectual contemplation which mingles with their movement in every legitimate enjoyment of a work of art, is rather hurtful than beneficial. For the true end of emotion is action, and to raise emotions and let them sink undirected to their purposes is weakening to the will and exhausting to the feelings themselves. Prurient is a degraded word; but some analogous word, applicable to the whole range of moral sentiments, would express the temper which takes pleasure in what we describe. Sentimentalism is a part of it. But art, as we have said, interposes a sort of intellectual screen between the passion and the will; and this is the true sense in which art chastens the passions. It is not that sympathy with fictitious emotions refines their general exercise in the man who has happened to read *Othello*; it is that the passion which has been raised in him while he reads is a chastened passion, one detached from its natural alliance with action, and experienced with the consciousness that it is so detached. When we consider, however, how much of our light literature seeks its hold upon the reader, not in the poetic presentment of feeling, but in the attempt to raise the actual feeling, and how vast a number of readers there are who find their pleasure in the mere emotion,—in a sort of titillation of the heart at once objectless and untransmuted by the influence of art,

—we must make some deduction from the ennobling influence which the enthusiasm of Sir Bulwer Lytton somewhat too largely ascribes to the study of novels.

There are doubtless other resources within the scope of prose fiction by which it may inform and elevate its readers. It may be made a treasury of the author's wisdom; it may from its fidelity to nature give us fresh knowledge of the world about us. It is Sir B. Lytton's ambition to give the world the full advantages of his art in both these directions; it is his misfortune to be but indifferently qualified for so doing. Nature has not endowed him with the power to think deeply or justly, or to see with a clear eye and reproduce with a faithful imagination. She meant him neither for a philosopher nor a poet; and it is to be regretted that he should always have sought to make most prominent the most defective sides of his genius. Patiently to endeavor to supply the deficiencies of our nature is doubtless laudable; to give prominence to them is unwise. Sir Bulwer Lytton is very unfortunate in this respect. He is determined to be what he is not; and his readers suffer for it. Even in his prefaces you hear him screaming, "*I will* be a philosopher; *I am* a great poet;" and his only difficulty as to those who disagree with him is as to whether they are most knave or fool. It is a standing puzzle to him to decide whether it is the ignorance or the malignity of his critics which blinds them to his merits in these respects. It is perhaps this constant straining after a false position which more than any one thing gives to his works a certain air of charlatanism. Of course we do not mean that he is destitute of imagination, or incapable of reflection; but he is not gifted with the higher kinds or degrees of either poetic insight or poetic expression, and it is rarely indeed that his thoughts are at once clear and profound. Yet he has a great affluence of mind within certain limits, and a great skill in making the most of his resources. The water is not deep, but abundant enough; the mischief is that the bottom is muddy, and he will always be stirring it. Closely connected with these deficiencies is the subservience of all he writes to display. In spite of every thing that is urged in his prefaces as to the moral and philosophical designs of his various works, it is impossible to read them without feeling that these designs yield not only to the exi-

gencies of life-like representation, but are too often entirely subordinated to the more immediate and less defensible one of brilliancy of effect. Philosophy and poetry are not valued for their own sake; they are machinery and materials for turning out fine writings. No man who really wished to discover truths, who really had an insight into nature, could deal with language in the way Sir Bulwer Lytton does. It is not uncommon for him to make a grandiloquent assertion, which you may exactly transpose, and it shall be impossible to say in which form it is the more false or the more trite. We are told, for instance, in the last novel, that, "Let a king and a beggar converse freely together, and it is the beggar's fault if he does not say something which makes the king lift his hat to him." Examine such an assertion, and it is mere wind; or, if it have meaning, it is false. What command of mental resources have beggars in general which should induce the respect of kings? And, granting that it only depends on themselves to have and exercise them, they would not educe this sort of testimony to their value. We don't lift our hats to men for what they say; it is for what they are. The phrase would be more true read backwards: "Let a king and a beggar converse freely together, and the mere sayings of the king can never make the beggar lift his hat to him." He tells us that "all faculties that can make greatness contain those that can attain goodness." "Nothing," we learn in another place, "is more polished, nothing more cold than that wisdom which is the work of former tears, of former passions, and is formed within a musing and solitary mind." Nothing can be less true than that former tears, former passions, and musing habits, have a tendency to make wisdom cold; rather the reverse. It depends on the other features of the character; and this is an illustration of the nature of a great many of Bulwer's pseudo-philosophical observations. You can't say whether they are true or false; there is a want of legitimate consequence in his assertions; they are logically incomplete. If I say, "Men in brown clothes eat large breakfasts," or, to use language more in keeping with that of our author, "The arrayed in fuscous integuments is the devourer of the matutinal repast," I hazard nothing. I seem to say something, but in reality I say nothing. I do but give my reader a choice whether I

say an untruth or a truism. It would be false to say that all men in brown clothes eat large breakfasts, or that the browner a man's coat the greater his appetite; but my real expression, though it conveys this sort of impression to the careless reader, may be equally well construed to speak only of some men, and then fades into a harmless truism. So we are told in *What will he do with it?* that "Genius and Resolve have three grand elements in common,—Patience, Hope, Concentration." What a world of confusion of thought is displayed in that little sentence! The very selection of the two things for comparison bears evidence of a mind not particular as to the clearness of its own operations; and as to the force of the assertion, not one of the three qualities is necessarily inherent in either of the two things between which they are asserted to form a ground of common nature. The vanity of mind which descends to this sort of sham thoughts is like that of the person which submits to the adornment of paste brilliants; they are not only unreal, but so very cheap. Even the particular observation in hand admits of endless multiplication. We may say, Intellect and hesitation have three grand elements in common,—doubts, difficulties, and vacillation; or Men and running have three grand elements in common,—legs, exertion, and progression; and so on *ad infinitum*.

But we have not space to illustrate at any length the peculiar felicities of our author's philosophical observations. The discussion on knowledge between the Parson, Riccabocca, and Leonard, in *My Novel*, affords perhaps the most compendious example of them. The peroration is an awful example of rash predication. After taking great pains to establish that knowledge is not power, the Parson goes on to ascribe St. Paul's self-devoted activity to the possession of it, compliments it as a "grand presence" and an "indomitable energy," and ends by calling it the following great variety of things and influences:—

"Behold, my son! does not Heaven here seem to reveal the true type of Knowledge,—a sleepless activity, a pervading agency, a dauntless heroism, an all-supporting faith?—a power—a power indeed,—a power apart from the aggrandizement of self,—a power that brings to him who owns and transmits it but "weariness and painfulness; in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness,"—but a power distinct

from the mere circumstance of the man, rushing from him as rays from the sun; borne through the air, and clothing it with light,—piercing under earth, and calling forth the harvest? Worship not knowledge,—worship not the sun, O my child! Let the sun but proclaim the Creator; let the knowledge but illumine the worship!"

It can scarcely be necessary to observe that, though knowledge may without any great strain be said to be power, as furnishing the amplest machinery for power to use, the one sense in which it is not power is in that of being an "energy."

There is a mass of assertion in Bulwer's writings which it is impossible to controvert because it is impossible to assign it a definite signification; and it is not worth any human being's while to elicit the various meanings which may be hypothetically assigned to it, and to ascertain if any one of them be true. Sometimes he is good enough himself to assign a plain meaning we should have had difficulty in eliciting for ourselves, as in the following fine writing, where, as usual, he is connecting things which have no true interdependence; for it is something apart from genius which makes it either modest or utilitarian:—

"Genius, that, manly, robust, healthful as it be, is long before it lose its instinctive Dorian modesty; shamefaced, because so susceptible to glory—genius, that loves indeed to dream, but on the violet-bank, not the dunghill. Wherefore, even in the error of the senses, it seeks to escape from the sensual into worlds of fancy, subtle and refined. But apart from the passions, true genius is the most practical of all human gifts. Like the Apollo whom the Greek worshipped as its type, even Arcady is its exile, not its home. Soon weary of the dalliance of Tempé, it ascends to its mission—the Archer of the silver bow, the guide of the car of light. Speaking more plainly, genius is the enthusiasm for self-improvement; it ceases or sleeps the moment it desists from seeking some object which it believes of value, and by that object it insensibly connects its self-improvement with the positive advance of the world."

It is characteristic of the philosophic observations with which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton adorns his works, that the more you examine them, the less they yield you. To skim over his novels is a pleasant recreation; to read them with attention and a serious effort to penetrate to that deeper meaning which he insists is there, is one of the most wearisome

and profitless labors man can engage in. The thoughts of a great poet are like the stars in heaven. At the first glance they seem but shining adornments of the sky; but the more you penetrate their secrets, the vaster grow their proportions, and the deeper the significance of their being. The lucubrations of Bulwer may be compared to the illuminations of Vauxhall. They seem bright at the stars at a little distance; but go nearer and nearer, and they prove to be a modicum of rag and oil in a colored glass. They shine but to ornament the place in which they are hung, and light up only blind alleys and circumscribed commonplace pathways. Read the concluding sentences of *Ernest Maltravers* :—

"Here ends the First Portion of this work: it ends in the view that bounds us when we look on the practical world with the outward unspiritual eye—and see life that dissatisfies justice,—for life is so seen but in fragments. The influence of fate seems so small on the man who, in erring, but errs as the egotist, and shapes out of ill some use that can profit himself. But Fate hangs a shadow so vast on the heart that errs but in venturing abroad, and knows only in others the sources of sorrow and joy.

"Go alone, O Maltravers, unfriended, remote—thy present a waste, and thy past life a ruin, go forth to the future!—Go, Ferrers, light cynic—with the crowd take thy way,—complacent, elated,—no cloud upon conscience, for thou seest but sunshine on fortune.—Go forth to the Future!"

"Human life is compared to the circle—Is the simile just? All lines that are drawn from the centre to touch the circumference, by the law of the circle, are equal. But the lines that are drawn from the heart of the man to the verge of his destiny—do they equal each other?—Alas! some seem so brief, and some lengthen on as forever."

This seems to have, and indeed has, a sort of meaning. But try to get closer to it, sift the bearings of the language, construe it closely, assume that the author had an exact meaning, endeavor to ascertain what it is he intends to convey by every combination of words and by each word itself,—we do not say the result will be the conviction that no thought is here embodied, but certainly that blurred and incompletely explored ideas are covered up in loose phraseology and indistinct metaphor. Bulwer is eloquent, but of that school of eloquence which values ideas as a thread on which to string glittering images and gaudy words. He is one of those many writers who

are to the poet what the rhetorician is to the orator, who study the tool more than the material in which they work. He rarely speaks *out* from himself, but always *to* an audience; and you constantly cannot help feeling that he labors more to show himself than his subject to advantage. He is fond of fine language for its own sake; his style is not polished, but French-varnished; does not give the highest effect to the sense which lies under it, but conceals it beneath an opaque glitter. Words, indeed, have a value and a power of their own; they are more than the representatives of things, they are themselves things; and the deepest mastery of expressional power in the poet is shown in bending their attributes as well as their meaning to his purpose. But still, of course their only proper value to the writer is as a medium of expression. There is a hollowness as well as a feebleness in employing them for ornamentation; there is singleness of purpose as well as refinement of taste and accuracy of mind in using them simply as they most exactly express our meaning. Fine writing is one of the most prominent defects in Sir Bulwer Lytton's writings; where one word would express his idea most exactly, he uses another because it is more uncommon, more pretentious, more good-looking. He will not condescend to call things by their proper names; and his euphuisms must excite many a smile among his readers.

When a man has dined we are told, "the inmate of the apartment had passed the hour of the principal repast;" a canary-bird's cage is "the slender prison of one of those golden wanderers of the Canary Isles which bear to our colder land some of the gentlest music of their skies and zephyrs;" men wear dressing-robés instead of gowns, walk out with staffs instead of sticks, etc. etc.

Sometimes a little of Sir Edward's hard-worked scholarship is used to add to the effect: we are told of a beech-tree "shaming the pavilion of Tityrus;" a man with ancestors is called a "eupatrid;" and news are brought by a messenger, or *dyyelog*. Platitudes dressed out in a pretentious array of words are a provoking substitute for thought. A novel is not required to be full of original reflections—they are constantly very much in the way there; but we have a claim, at any rate, to be spared the tawdry imitation of them. You are not bound to give your

friends claret; but it is degrading to you and them to insist on their drinking 24s. St Julien out of a large cut-glass decanter. Why are we to be informed that "he who is ambitious of things afar and uncertain passes at once into the poet-land of imagination; to aspire and to imagine are yearnings twin-born"? One knows not whether to admire most the incorrectness or the triteness of this very fine observation. Assuming it to have a meaning, it is that the objects of our ambition or aspiration are conceived by our imagination. But it is not true that the man ambitious of things afar passes into the world of imagination; he remains in the world of fact and uses imagination to minister to practical ends; and to imagine is not a yearning at all, nor is it twin-born with to aspire, for we must first imagine that to which we aspire. And if it be meant, as the context would lead one to suppose, that political ambition stimulates the poetic imagination, this is not true, nor is it so expressed. What an ingenuous and modest air of fresh discovery about our author's statement that "there is something in severe illness, especially if it be in violent contrast to the usual strength of the body, which has often the most salutary effect on the mind"! In another place he tells us by the aid of those Capital Letters with which he makes fine words finer still, "how much of aid and solace the Herd of Men derive from the Everlasting Genius of the Few." That men of genius are few, and the source of aid and solace to many, is true or trite enough; but it is not in respect of their fewness that they minister to the world; nor is it the "Herd," but those above the "Herd," that genius most helps to sustain. But it matters little for the exact meaning; who can care for the wine with such large ornamental knobs on the decanter? It is not very often, indeed, that Sir Bulwer Lytton says things absolutely without a meaning; but that a man who cannot claim the privilege of stupidity should ever do so is sufficient to convict him of a failing in the conscientious expression of thought; and the proof that a writer is not saying something, but making up a saying, is generally to be found in the false application of single words rather than in the faulty turf of sentences. The plainest man can express his own meaning in language; but it requires a very great amount of ability to use words like mosaic, and put them together so as at

once to have a brilliant effect and embody an idea. It is perhaps from the want of a habit of simply applying language to its legitimate purposes that Bulwer so often writes bad English. Sometimes, however, he not only uses words laxly, without sufficient regard to their real meaning, but makes mistakes which the instincts if not the grammatical information of a man of education should teach him to avoid. He often falls into a vulgar error in the use of the English subjunctive. He says, "If the crime *were* committed by Eugene Aram," meaning if it *was*; for the fact is fixed in the past. He says of himself and the author of the tragedy of *Rienzi*, "Considering that our hero *be* the same," meaning considering that he *is* so; "when this *be* done," meaning when this *is* done, etc. Sometimes his phrases bear a sense exactly the reverse of what he intends. He says, "Leonard was too pleased to obey, meaning he was only too pleased, that he was pleased and did obey. He tells us, "Not an operative there but spared his mite," meaning that spared, or but spared the beggar. He speaks of the terror in a man's voice, meaning its power to inspire fear. Such things are trifles in themselves, but they test preciseness of thought and expression.

The want of accuracy, which is so obvious in Bulwer's writings in the province of thought, affects also his imagination. As a simple desire to ascertain truth is all-important to philosophy, so the power to perceive and represent things truly is the first requirement in the poet. Truthfulness of detail is of the essence of poetry. Not that detail itself is essential. A great regard to minutiae in an artist is often justly spoken of with contempt. It is so when a man occupies himself in elaborating details of the matter he has in hand which are not of its essence, or immediately pertinent to the matter in hand; but where a detail creates a true distinction, the minuter it is the more genius displays itself in truly apprehending it and fully using it. Moreover, accuracy is most easily measured in details; and he who, whether in painting or poetry, is found incapable of dealing truthfully with minutiae, may justly be suspected of unfaithfulness to nature in his larger designs, which are themselves less open to criticism. An imaginative writer is not bound to know every thing, but he is bound to be right in what he professes to know. Bulwer is not

bound to be acquainted with the aspects of nature, or the seasons of flowering plants; he might without disgrace admit himself ignorant of the habits of animals; his observation has taken another and a higher turn: but he has no right to affect a knowledge he does not possess, and make the ludicrous mistakes he does on these subjects. In the preface to *Eugene Aram* he even calls attention to the skill by which he has indicated the progress of the story by his descriptions of the seasons, and invites us in June to the grassy banks of a stream where grow the ivy-leaved bell-flower (whatever that may be), and where on the contiguous hedge are to be seen the luxuriant flowers of the white bryony. The poppy adorns the hedge in the last days of autumn, and the sunflower and crocus are in full glory at one time. Toads have red eyes, which you can see shining in the grass as you walk; owls flap heavily through the air, and little boys invest in large double geraniums. In *Harold* we are introduced to half a dozen handmaids "spinning," of which operation the author entertains the most confused ideas: the eye of the mistress "fell upon the row of silent maids, each at her rapid, noiseless, stealthy work. 'Ho!' said she, her cold and haughty eye gleaming as she spoke, 'yesterday they brought home the summer, to-day ye aid to bring home the winter. Weave well, heed well warp and woof; Skulda is amongst ye, and her pale fingers guide the web.'" From this, though with but vague impressions as to how Skulda was employing herself, one would think the maids were weaving, not spinning; but directly after we learn that their "spindles revolved."

But far deeper than to such trifles pierce the deficiencies of the author's imagination. They are felt throughout his writings. He is at once brilliant and indistinct. He has in its most exaggerated form what is one of the common attributes of second-class genius,—the power to see things vividly and yet not truly. He can neither grasp nor represent any thing in the fulness of its individuality. He abides in salient distinctions, and conceives that a bright light thrown on these will compensate for the finer lines of demarcation being left in darkness. His characters stand boldly out; they excite attention and interest, but they will not bear close examination; if you press too near them, they elude

you, all the subtler traits lose distinctness, and you find that what they have of reality is commonplace. They are almost invariably self-consistent, to a certain extent, and individual; but they have the air of manufactures, and are all made out of the same sort of wood. You see that the author does not conceive a character; he makes it up, just as he makes up a story. He never, except in certain limited directions, penetrates into the recesses of another mind or heart. He never paints the complex reality. He has none of the poetic power of flashing a light upon the mysteries of human hidden life, the life within the man's own breast. His way of representing a man is to elaborate one or two obvious aspects of character. On these he dwells, and draws them over and over again in every new phase of circumstance in which his subject is represented, accompanying it generally with a repetition of the personal description; and, stroke after stroke, he hammers into you what such a person resembles, and what the description stands for; but, like the moon his figures always present one side to you, and he seems to think that to paint a part twice is as good as to paint the whole once. These defects are not so obvious as one reads. The skilful arrangement, the lively movement, the fulness and vigor of action, the spirit and point of the conversation,—these and other great merits in the novelist carry you easily and pleasantly to the end. It is only when you lay the book down that you become conscious that you have been living in an unreal and artificial world. It is like coming out of a papier-mâché manufactory: what fine things you have seen! how ingenious! how glossy! how ornate! but, after all, one does not care about papier-mâché, however brilliant; one does not remember even the best patterns as one does a good picture. Those are not real men and women one has been amongst for these three volumes; they are only admirable imitations of men and women, with "Sir Bulwer Lytton *hoc fecit*" written all over them. The author is "too much with us." There is an egotism in the genius of Bulwer that always makes itself felt; it is not so much that in his work he thrusts himself *in propriâ personâ* upon you, it is that he never leaves you; he makes his presence uncomfortably felt in every page; you see the showman at every turn moving his puppets and giving voice to their dialogues. Partly it is that he

cannot escape from himself, that he cannot by force of imagination become another. Hence his personal creations are never themselves in all they say and do. He describes them admirably, he retains their general features, they are separate enough in all their marked outlines; but he has not that mastery of them—that possession by them, we should rather say—which enables a dramatic writer insensibly to color with individual hues every word which comes out of the mouths of the beings with which his imagination is occupied.

Thus it is that, in spite of his great variety of outlines, a monotonous tone runs through all Bulwer's characters as soon as they begin to speak for themselves. The style, the rhythm, the position from which things are looked at, —all have a common element. The Bulwerian cast of thought and phraseology break out on them all like a rash, often to their great disfigurement. There is a sameness both in the innermost germ of his characters, and the furthest details by which they are expressed; and this is to be expected, for a man expresses himself most individually, and throws most light on his character, by his minutest and most habitual words and actions. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's characters resemble one another in expression because they are based on a common foundation. The author's power, great and various as it is, cannot pass beyond the art of collecting certain attributes of character, and calling them a person; and he always makes such person speak as he himself would speak had he those qualities. We have Sir Edward as man of fashion, Sir Edward as statesman, Sir Edward as highwayman, as philosopher, as squire, as young lady, as old lady, as mendicant, philanthropist, preacher, soldier, Christian, ruffian, poisoner, poet. Amazing is the fertility of mind and fancy; wonderful the command of varied incident, of the forms and modes of various kinds of life; he is a very Proteus in the art of external self-transformation; but his works, taken together, show that in all his books a set of characters are again and again reproduced, always with certain defined differences. His variety is great, but his range is small. Even Harley l'Estrange, the most original, the most essentially distinct in conception, of all his pictures, betrays his common origin as soon as he begins to be developed beyond a sketch and to occupy some space upon the stage. Godolphin

is the most thoroughly executed of his characters; perhaps because he is drawn more directly from some obvious phase of the author's character. Nobody thinks Hazeldean a real English squire; you say it is like, but Sir Bulwer Lytton in top-boots and a cut-away green coat does not really deceive you for a moment. He has got himself up capitally as a country parson in Dale, and it is only when he begins to talk that we recognize the old familiar face. Riccabecca is so good that he is almost an exception to the rule; but in Leonard the colors are only well washed out and the hair brushed straight down; all the rest are old friends with a difference. Waif, in the last novel, is well conceived and well described; but he, like all the rest, can only speak himself in certain obvious characteristics. There is a complete absence in Bulwer of the fundamental, the essential part of dramatic genius. He is clever in the use of dramatic forms, and skilful in employing them as the vehicle of his narrative, and in the exposition of his characters, as far as he does expound them; but there is a limit he never passes. He has none of that wonderful faculty by which special individuality and the minutest traits and subtlest distinctions of character are betrayed, as in living men they are betrayed, by distinctions of expression and language too fine to be analyzed. If he had possessed this power, he might have been a great dramatic writer; for he has all the other qualities which go to ensure success in that the most difficult field of imaginative literature, and he has shown himself a very clever and successful playwright. But read his plays (we have read them), and it is a matter of surprise that he should have condescended to write them, so insipid are the characters, so flatulent the eloquence, so conventional and so maudlin the pathos. The wit is the best; but less good in his plays than his novels. In the language of immediate action, however, Bulwer excels. In what men do, and in that part of their language which accompanies and may be said to be part of their actions, he delineates them characteristically and well; and no one will question that, both in his conceptions and in his execution, he masters those more obvious traits developed in a man's outward conduct. He succeeds best, therefore, when he delineates men of action, especially of intrigue. Vargrave may be a less proba-

ble conception than Maltravers, but he is drawn with a sharp clear stroke, while the lines in the latter are patched and wavering. It may be said this is incidental to the difference of character; but this is to confound the author with his subject. Hamlet may be irresolute, but there is no uncertainty in the lines with which Hamlet is drawn.

Sir Bulwer Lytton claims to have made a new discovery in the art of writing historical romances. Like the bold paleontologists of our day, he professes to cover the true skeleton of the past with the full form it once bore in the present; to take the facts and the outlines of character as we find them, and to fill up the details from the resources of his imagination: he thinks you thus gain much in accuracy over those writers who distort facts more or less to suit the exigencies of their art. We doubt this. So far as historical romances go to form the historical ideas of readers, they do so by the general impressions the whole story conveys, and not by the reader's attention to the thread of historic incident on which they are strung. To pursue the simile we have just used, the unenlightened spectator who gazed on a reconstructed ichthyosaurus carries away the idea of a strangely shaped and disagreeable-looking beast; he does not examine whether it has got its own thigh-bone, or whether the tail is rightly jointed; it is the general aspect which stamps itself on his mind; and if you have all the bones right and dress them up wrong, you cannot fail to produce a false impression. And who shall be so bold as to say it is within the resources of his knowledge or imagination truly to fill up the skeleton outlined of history? It is better surely that the province of the historian and the poet should be kept apart. They must of course overlap one another to a certain extent. The historian finds it necessary to give life to his pictures by completing them to some extent from the resources of his own mind; and the poet seeks food for his imagination in the truths of life. The James II. and the William III. of Macaulay are, we know, not exactly the men themselves, but the image of them the author has formed to himself; and the Achilles of Homer and the Tiberius of Jonson are raised upon a basis of actual fact. But great poets have used history as furnishing materials to the imagination; they have not pretended that imagination can fill up

according to its very reality the outline of facts. They have called what they write poems, not histories. More than a certain amount of detail and a certain amount of truth of past facts are absolutely incapable of being combined by any genius less than omniscient. Bulwer demands from us that we should look on *Harold*, *Rienzi*, and the *Last of the Barons*, not so much as efforts of the fancy as representations of reality. It is true he has great resources for works of this kind. No man handles facts with greater mastery, and good judges have pronounced him accurate in his narratives, as he certainly is painstaking in his investigations. But the deficiencies of poetic insight of which we have been speaking render him perhaps one of the last men of equal intellectual power who should undertake to reproduce the full body of past life, and to bring before us the images of men, not only as they seemed and acted, but as they were in their own hearts and consciences. He gives a vivid picture of social conditions, of manners, of events; so far as external resources are available, he commands attention and even admiration; but when thrown on himself, the limitation and egotism of his genius become painfully apparent, and more so in these historical romances than in those in which he has irresponsible power over the personages of his own creation. It is easier to judge of a false interpretation than of a faulty conception. We reconcile ourselves as we best may to the lucubrations of Devereux and Maltravers; but we feel indignant when Harold is set before us staggering under the heaped verbiage and tawdry philosophy of Sir E. B. Lytton. All veil of illusion is torn away forever when Richard Duke of Gloucester mutters, "So perishes the race of iron. Low lies the last baron who could control the throne and command the people. The age of force expires with knighthood and deeds of arms. And over this dead great man I see the new cycle dawn." Or when Rienzi, disgusted with the Roman, cries, "And with such tools the living race of Europe and misjudging posterity will deem that the workman is to shape out the ideal and the perfect." In history more than elsewhere we are annoyed by the struggle between egotism and dramatic power, and smile to see how at every turn the minds of other times and other lands are used as the mouthpieces of the author's favorite ideas

and forms of speech. In life his Saxons, his Italians, his Greeks and Egyptians once talked for purposes of their own; it is now their province to talk so as to show how poetically and profoundly Sir E. B. Lytton can write. "Does the ground," says a Saxon in the eleventh century, who is represented as worldly wise above his fellows,—"does the ground reject the germs of the sower" (he means the seed he sows, not his own embryo; but germ is more poetical than seeds, and would be preferred by a worldly wise Saxon),

"or the young heart the first lessons of wonder and awe? Since then, Prophetess, Night hath been my comrade, and Death my familiar. Rememberest thou again the hour when, stealing, a boy, from Harold's house in his absence—the night ere I left my land—I stood on this mound by thy side? Then did I tell thee that the sole soft thought that relieved the bitterness of my soul, when all the rest of my kinsfolk seemed to behold in me but the heir of Sweyn, the outlaw and homicide, was the love that I bore to Harold; but that that love itself was mournful and bodeful as the *hwata*\* of distant sorrow. And thou didst take me, O Prophetess, to thy bosom, and thy cold kiss touched my lips and my brow; and there, beside this altar and grave-mound, by leaf and by water, by staff and by song, thou didst bid me take comfort; for that as the mouse gnawed the toils of the lion, so the exile obscure should deliver from peril the pride and the prince of my House—that from that hour with the skein of his fate should mine be entwined; and his fate was that of kings and of kingdoms. And then, when the joy flushed my cheek, and methought youth came back in warmth to the night of my soul—then, Hilda, I asked thee if my life would be spared till I had redeemed the name of my father. Thy seidstaff passed over the leaves that, burning with fire-sparks, symbolled the life of the man, and from the third leaf the flame leaped up and died; and again a voice from thy breast, hollow, as if borne from a hill-top afar, made answer, 'At thine entrance to manhood life bursts into blaze, and shrivels up into ashes.' So I knew that the doom of the infant still weighed unannealed on the years of the man; and I come here to my native land as to glory and the grave. But," said the young man, with a wild enthusiasm, "still with mine links the fate which is loftiest in England; and the rill and the river shall rush in one to the Terrible Sea."

Listen how Harold and Haco converse in

\* Omen.

an afternoon's ride. "Ride with me, then," says Harold; "but pardon a dull companion; for when the soul communes with itself, the lip is silent." "True," said Haco; "and I am no babbler. Three things are ever silent,—thought, destiny, and the grave." This system of lugging in a pseudo-poetico-philosophical observation in the train of the simplest observations is not uncommon in Bulwer, but he is an exceptional human being in this mode of expressing his thoughts. There is no age or country in which men have habitually heightened their discourse with this sort of seasoning. Even in the author's own day, we don't hear people say, "Good morning, for ere the fast is broken salutation is sweet;" or, "No more, thank you, I'm no great eater. Three things have no appetite,—moral reflections, chance, and the resurrection of the dead."

When you read *Quentin Durward* or *Old Mortality* or *Woodstock*, you don't ask yourself, Is this history? but you are in some danger of quietly taking a false impression. So easy, so natural, so life-like is the presentation, that you can scarcely escape its charm. Sir Walter Scott may lead your impressions astray, Sir Bulwer Lytton prevents their being true; but he does not leave any permanently false ideas, his figures are so obviously unreal that they do not long dwell in the memory or the imagination. They are human hypotheses you accept for the sake of the story, and discard when you have finished it. If there be an exception to this, it is in the case of *Rienzi*, incomparably the best of Bulwer's historical romances. The characters both of *Rienzi* and *Montreal* are those with which he is best fitted to deal; but those who recall their impressions of this novel will find they have gathered no image of the real man *Rienzi*. Description wanders round and round him, but never settles on him. The events among which he moved, these are clearly and vividly stamped: ambition and love find a voice powerful, though often exaggerated in tone and meretricious in coloring; the subordinate persons are sketched in with an effective and experienced touch. But ask yourself, Has the writer ever penetrated to the real nature of his hero, or is it indeed the complete image of any real man with which he presents you? and you are forced to confess it is not; but only a clever conglomeration of attributes, having all the life-likeness that can be ob-

tained from the display of qualities in appropriate action, but not that higher one which great imaginations alone possess the power to set forth, because they alone have the power to pierce to the nature upon which it is framed. Bulwer does not divine a character, he excogitates it.

Nor in these historical romances is his singleness of purpose more to be trusted than his genius. It is plain that he is treating his historical personages as material; that he is not even seeking to represent them as they most truly were, but that this aim is subordinate to another, that of making them effective. They are for him such stuff as three-volume novels destined to be popular are made of, and their little life is rounded off into the Bulwerian philosophy.

In the dedicatory epistle to *The Last of the Barons*, after a brief enumeration of his *dramatis personæ*, we are told, "Such characters as I have here alluded to seemed then to me, in meditating the treatment of the high and brilliant subject which your eloquence animated me to attempt, the proper Representative of the multiform Truths which the time of Warwick the King-maker affords to our interests and suggests for our instruction." It never does to inquire too closely into the exact meaning of all Sir E. B. Lytton writes; but without troubling ourselves too long about what is intended by a time affording multiform truths to our interests, we may gather from the whole sentence that it is the author's desire to make the delineation of persons subordinate to his own ideas of the truths embodied in or suggested by the history of the time. Such a confession at once destroys confidence in his historical trustworthiness. You may if you choose, poor work as it is, create men to represent ideas; but no writer is to be trusted in using the persons of history as the "representatives of truths." They will require much docking and fining and altering before they will fit into our philosophy; and almost unconsciously the operator moulds them from what they really were into what they ought to have been to suit his purpose. The fact is, Sir Bulwer Lytton's ambition urges him to an impossible task. He cannot bear that his historical romances should fail to unite the most diverse claims upon our admiration. They are to be true history, exciting romance, and profound philosophy. Nor are these difficult subjects

of combination arranged in that defined order of subordination which alone could make their co-existence tolerable. Each struggles for predominance, and each in turn is permitted to possess it; so that every work is in different parts one of these three things at the expense of the other two. *Harold* is, more than any other of his works, marked with this vacillation of purpose; it extends to the very style, with its petty pedantries and the sharp contrasts between an occasional imitation of the style of the old chroniclers and the inflated Latin periods more natural to the author.

There are other works, however, of Sir E. B. Lytton, in which the philosophical element, if we may so call it, occupies a more prominent place. He is fond, indeed, of assigning to all his works some definite central idea or moral lesson, of which the story itself is the development. These appear to more advantage when we are told about them in the prefaces than when we attempt to discover them in the works themselves. It taxes our credulity to be told that *Paul Clifford* is a disquisition on the philosophy of punishment; that *Godolphin* traces the deterioration of character by a career of self-indulgence; or that *Ernest Maltravers* and *Alice* develop the education of circumstances and the career of genius. That the author has had such aims, we do not dispute; but his mind is too little capable of connected and permanent moral convictions to fit him to use his genius for invention as the machinery for developing and expressing moral ideas. His readers must always regret that the free play of powers more natural to him is impaired by the constant strain to make them ancillary to ideas with which, after all, the limits of the author's nature make it impossible for him adequately to deal. Had Sir Bulwer Lytton confined his aspirations to the entertainment of his fellow-creatures by vivid pictures of social life, display of character, and narrative of events and actions, he would have taken far higher rank as a novelist, and would have lost nothing by resigning all claim to the character of a profound moral instructor and the expounder of valuable truths. We are aware that the author does not agree with us. We have read with attention in his prefaces the assertions that the intellectual mould in which many of his fictions are cast raises them above the comprehension of most readers, and that

not to admire is simply not to understand. Stimulated by the boldness of his claims we have read his works with attention; and we cannot conceal our conviction that the disappointment in this direction of all readers will be proportioned to the closeness and patience with which they scrutinize the real matter those works contain, and that their popularity is always likely to remain greatest with those who are satisfied to regard them as exciting tales of life and passion.

The author, though deeply impressed with the necessity of being a moral writer, always seems desirous of attaining his end at as little expenditure of connected thought as possible. His fondness for what he oddly calls types seems to spring from this source. He is fond of telling you that certain characters and certain lives are "the types" of certain abstract moral qualities, and he seems to think that to say this is to enforce a moral conclusion. The disappointment of the reader is great when he finds, on taking the pains to examine, that all that is meant is, that the moral quality in question forms a part of the character, and is to a certain extent brought into action in the life; but that there is no sense in which that special quality rather than half a dozen others is exemplified in that life and character. Thus in *Harold* we read that "if the leading agencies of Harold's memorable career might be as it were symbolized and allegorized by the living beings with which it was connected, as Edith was the representative of stainless Truth, as Gurth was the type of dauntless Duty" (imagine a courageous obligation!) "as Hilda embodied aspiring Imagination, so Haco seemed the personation of worldly wisdom." What a strange purposelessness there seems in culling out these qualities, calling them "the agencies" of one man's career, and allegorizing them in three other persons, to each of which any reader of the book will be at no loss to ascribe half a dozen equally distinctive traits! In reality, Bulwer's imagination, whatever its other defects, is too broad and active for this narrow identification of human beings with single attributes.

A great regard for types is always evidence of some shallowness of mind. Those who are deeply impressed with the richness and infinite variety of created things, who are sensible to the fine links which unite, the subtle and melting distinctions which separate, who feel into what an intermingling and

delicate web of existence the lives of men are interwoven,—such men are shy of "types." To invent an allegory is a very different thing from discovering or developing a type. If a type is to be true, it must embody in a single individual form the universal and essential characteristics of that of which it is the type; and it must remain true to these in all the aspects in which it is displayed. You cannot make so complex a thing as a human being the type of an abstract quality without either representing the man partially or the quality confusedly. You may invent a sort of incarnation of a quality. Hebe, with ever-blooming charms, may be made the type of youth. You may take a living thing, an animal, or even a man, and show it in some special aspect as the type of a quality; you may say a lion is the type of generosity, a Bacon the type of the investigative mind: but you can't write the true natural history of the lion, or the true biography of Bacon, and at the same time make these descriptions mere amplifications of the typical character assigned to the subjects of them. The attempt to do so must necessarily lead to falseness and incompleteness. You cannot really combine allegory and exhibition of character. It is always a source of discomfort to the reader when an author attempts to do so. We are always much happier when he allows things to be what they are. What a plague it would be if Sir Walter Scott were infected with a *penchant* for types; if he were always telling us, for instance, that the old knight in *Woodstock* was the type of loyalty, and informed us in a preface that because he had told us so *Woodstock* was an intellectual romance! In reality, the inventions of Bulwer are too real and lifelike to serve as mere embodiments of ideas or vehicles of "moral suggestions." When once warmed to the human interests of his personages, he soon overwhelms their assigned typical character. But he is very unwilling to allow this; he clings to his inner meanings; he cannot forego the credit of being profound as well as exciting and entertaining; and the resources he turns to when, by adherence to the exigencies of his story and characters, he has involved his types in inextricable confusion, has in it something not easily reconcilable with candor and good sense. He throws the burden on the reader; he hints that what seems nonsense is only the depth of hidden wisdom. He won't quite

commit himself to saying he himself has a meaning in it all; but he says to his readers, You must all set to work and look for a meaning: I dare say you will all find different ones; but that you must expect, for the meaning is "a mystery." Now, even if we were sure our author had a concealed meaning, we should scarcely trouble ourselves to seek it carefully through a work of fiction unless we had some guarantee in his other writings that the meaning when found would repay us for the search. Many men may think it worth their while to solve the enigma of Goethe's *Helena*; but we cannot help smiling when Sir Edward, with his somewhat arrogant and yet uneasy egotism, invites us to a similar task. Certainly those who are most familiar with the sort of thought his writings in general display will be the least anxious to lend their efforts to the solution of such a work as *Zanoni*. We are far from having a low estimate of the intellectual powers of the author of *Ernest Maltravers* and *My Novel*: his observations both on social and political life are acute, his generalizations from historical and political experience sensible, and sometimes far-sighted; his direct moral conclusions are just, his knowledge in the different directions his branch of art demands is up to the mark, though it sometimes bears the traces of having been made up for the occasion: but active, vigorous, and well-in-hand as his mind is, it is commonplace in the direction of thought; and wherever, as is too often the case, he labors to be profound, he will be found either dealing with elaborately-decorated platitudes, or a hopeless confusion of idea concealed in pretentious verbiage. There is little temptation, then, to attack the "mysteries" of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's concoction; it is not pleasant to spend time in exploring a perplexed road which leads to nowhere in particular.

We will quote entire the author's note on *Zanoni*, because it is eminently characteristic of the value which he appears to attach to what he calls the "typical" side of art, and is itself not free from a confusion of thought and obscurity of expression which tends much to destroy the faith it is intended to stimulate.

"The curiosity which *Zanoni* has excited among those who think it worth while to dive into the subtler meanings they believe it intended to convey, may excuse me in adding a

few words, not in explanation of its mysteries, but upon the principles which permit them. *Zanoni* is not, as some have supposed, an allegory; but beneath the narrative it relates, *typical* meanings are concealed. It is to be regarded in two characters, distinct yet harmonious—1st, that of the simple and objective fiction, in which (once granting the license of the author to select a subject which is, or appears to be, preternatural) the reader judges the writer by the usual canons, viz.; by the consistency of his characters under such admitted circumstances, the interest of his story, and the coherence of his plot;—of the work regarded in this view, it is not my intention to say any thing, whether in exposition of the design, or in defence of the execution. No typical meanings (which, in plain terms, are but moral suggestions, more or less numerous, more or less subtle) can afford just excuse to a writer of fiction for the errors he should avoid in the most ordinary novel. We have no right to expect the most ingenuous reader to search for the inner meaning, if the obvious course of the narrative be tedious and displeasing. It is, on the contrary, in proportion as we are satisfied with the objective sense of a work of imagination, that we are inclined to search into its depths for the more secret intentions of the author. Were we not so divinely charmed with *Faust* and *Hamlet* and *Prometheus*,—so ardently carried on by the interest of the story told to the common understanding, we should trouble ourselves little with the types in each which all of us can detect—none of us can elucidate;—none elucidate, for the essence of type is mystery. We behold the figure, we cannot lift the veil. The Author himself is not called upon to explain what he designed. An Allegory is a personation of distinct and definite things—Virtues or Qualities—and the Key can be given easily; but a writer who conveys typical meanings may express them in myriads. He cannot disentangle all the hues which commingle into the light he seeks to cast upon truth; and therefore the great masters of this enchanted soil—Fairy land of Fairy land—Poetry embedded beneath Poetry—wisely leave to each mind to guess at such truths as best please or instruct it. To have asked Goethe to explain the *Faust* would have entailed as complex and puzzling an answer as to have asked Mephistopheles to explain what is beneath the earth we tread on. The stores beneath may differ for every passenger; each step may require a new description; and what is treasure to the geologist may be rubbish to the miner. Six worlds may lie under a sod, but to the common eye they are but six layers of stone.

"Art in itself, if not necessarily typical, is essentially a suggester of something subtler

than that which it embodies to the sense. What Pliny tells us of a great painter of old, is true of most great painters; 'their works express something beyond the works'—more felt than understood.' This belongs to the concentration of intellect which high Art demands, and which of all the Arts, Sculpture best illustrates. Take Thorwaldsen's Statue of Mercury—it is but a single figure, yet it tells to those conversant with Mythology a whole legend. The god has removed the pipe from his lips, because he has lulled already the Argus, whom you do not see, to sleep. He is pressing his heel against his sword, because the moment is come when he may slay his victim. Apply the principle of this noble concentration of Art to the moral writer: he, too, gives to your eye but a single figure; yet each attitude, each expression, may refer to events and truths you must have the learning to remember, the acuteness to penetrate, or the imagination to conjecture. But to a classical judge of sculpture, would not the exquisite pleasure of discovering the all not told in Thorwaldsen's masterpiece be destroyed if the artist had engraved in detail his meaning at the base of the statue? Is it not the same with the typical sense which the artist in words conveys? The pleasure of divining Art in each is the noble exercise of all by whom Art is worthily regarded.

"We of the humbler race not unreasonably shelter ourselves under the Authority of the Masters, on whom the world's judgment is pronounced; and great names are cited, not with the arrogance of equals, but with the humility of inferiors.

"The author of *Zanoni* gives, then, no key to mysteries, be they trivial or important, which may be found in the secret chambers by those who lift the tapestry from the wall; but out of the many solutions of the main enigma—if enigma, indeed, there be—which have been sent to him, he ventures to select the one which he subjoins, from the ingenuity and thought which it displays, and from respect for the distinguished writer (one of the most eminent our time has produced) who deemed him worthy of an honor he is proud to display. He leaves it to the reader to agree with, or dissent from, the explanation. 'A hundred men,' says the old Platonist, 'may read the book by the help of the same lamp, yet all may differ on the text; for the lamp only lights the characters—the mind must divine the meaning.' The object of a Parable is not that of a Problem; it does not seek to convince, but to suggest. It takes the thought below the surface of the understanding to the deeper intelligence which the world rarely tasks. It is not sunlight on the water, it is a hymn chanted to the Nymph who hearkens and awakes below."

That disingenuousness of which we have spoken shows itself in the whole tenor of this note. The writer tacitly claims credit for some very subtle and profound meaning embodied in his fiction, and yet declines committing himself to having any meaning at all. It is, in fact, an appeal to the reader to make a meaning, and call it the author's.

He opens by intimating pretty clearly that *Zanoni* is designed to have an esoteric meaning. It has "mysteries"; it is not an allegory, but conceals "typical meanings." A little uncertain as to what is meant by typical meanings, we are relieved a little further on to find they "are but moral suggestions." But after some sensible observations on the necessity, at any rate, of a good story, comes a cloud of very fine writing very inapplicable to "moral suggestions." We are told that we can detect types in *Faust*, *Hamlet*, and *Prometheus*, but none of us can "elucidate" them. We ask how this is. It is hard; try it in the vernacular. It would seem, then, that there are in *Hamlet* moral suggestions all of us can find, but none of us can bring to light. Does Sir Edward attach a meaning to this process of elucidation subsequent to discovery in the case of moral suggestions; or, admitting that moral suggestions can be exhibited veiled and incapable of examination, does he attach a value to such suggestions? And has he really a defined meaning for the word "type;" or is he trying to make one for the occasion? He excludes allegory; but does he really mean "moral suggestions"? Is Miss Edgeworth one of those persons who convey "typical meanings" in myriads? And when we are told that such a writer "cannot disentangle all the hues which commingle into the light he seeks to cast upon truth," is this any thing more than cuttle-fish writing, and a desire to seek safety under a cloud of printer's ink? If there be any meaning in this and what follows, it must be that an author is not bound to understand his own meaning, but throws that onus on his readers. It puts one in mind of the showman and the little boy. "And what are the truths, Sir Edward?" "Whatever you please, my gentle reader; you buy the novel, and you take your choice." Once take the reverse of Dr. Butler's dictum, and assume that every thing in a book is not that which it is, but any other thing you choose to make it; and there is no limit to the mysteries any work may contain. But there is

no necessity to write clever books under this dispensation. *Cock Robin* and *Prince Fortunatus* are as rich in deep truths to the man who brings them with him as Shakespeare and Bacon. As for Goethe, either he had a meaning, however complex, or he had not; and if he had not, it is no use looking in *Faust* for what is not there. Sometimes, indeed, an author has a meaning which he never clearly works out in his own mind, and of course, therefore, cannot very clearly express in his work.

This is no uncommon failing; but it is a great additional error to allow one's self-estimation to suggest that the obscurity arises from the profundity of one's thoughts, and to call that a mystery, a type, or even a moral suggestion, which is in reality only want of clearness of mind. Throughout this note, indeed, the writer seems to be confounding two very different sources of suggestion, which are to be found in all imaginative writers. The creations of every great poet will suggest to us many of the same truths as would have been suggested to us by the realities of which his figments are the representatives; and (the instincts of his genius producing on his pages a faithful image of the realities of the world) his work may possess a mine of wealth which he has not of set purpose placed there, and is possibly entirely unconscious of, and from which each reader may gather according to his own powers of insight. If the poet truly portray men, you may learn from him something of men, just as you would learn it from the living. *Hamlet* may cast a new light on the workings of the human intellect in other directions than those in which the poet conceived, and we may learn things from him Shakespeare never intended; but, Shakespeare can no more claim to be the philosophical discoverer and setter-forth of these truths than a painter could claim to be a botanist because he added to botanical knowledge by the correct drawing of a new plant. On the other hand, the poet undoubtedly may expressly embody certain truths, and make his inventions the vehicle of moral suggestions; but however subtle and profound these may be, there is no "mystery" about them, nor can he make these suggestions without understanding what he is doing. There is nothing mysterious in the meaning attached to the figure by Thorwaldsen, chosen by Bulwer as an illustration. The sculptor knew

very well what he meant to indicate. It is there for those who have the skill to detect it, and is simple and comprehensive enough. And so it should be. If a work of art be meant as a typical embodiment of certain ideas, every pains should be taken to make its meaning transparent and its purpose clear; and few things can degrade art more than to make it a cloak for a riddle. One thing, however, is worse; and that is, to make it a riddle without an answer. The story of *Zanoni* is full of the author's peculiar power; the supernatural elements are handled with great address, it would scarcely be possible in some respects to speak too highly of the conception and execution of parts of it: but the constant hints of some unspeakable depths of inner meaning; the triteness and confusion of all of that inner meaning which is graciously exposed to us; the absence of any indications that there really is any clear connected explanation; and the affectation of solemnity and reserve in this note, the "I could an if I would, and yet I know not" air,—give one the feeling that *Zanoni*, with its vast blowing of esoteric trumpets and constant invitations to step inside and see the real meaning of the show, is in reality a sham; and that the "mystery" bears the same relation to the brilliant story, that the decayed old lion and half-dozen mangy monkeys inside a travelling menagerie bear to the lively representation of wild beasts in every attitude which hangs outside. The truth we apprehend is, that Bulwer had a meaning, which we may call allegorical or typical; that it was never very clear, and that the exigencies of the story distorted it still more: but the language of *Zanoni* is so very fine, that he *feels*, as the women say, that it must contain some depths of meaning; he welcomes the idea that in the recesses of his eloquence his genius may have laid eggs of gold unknown to himself, and he cackles thus loudly to the world to come and look for them. But the world must first be satisfied that the eggs are there; and secondly, that they are of gold. The success of the distinguished writer whose explanation the author prints is certainly not such as to lead many others into the same field of inquiry.

Bulwer has been accused of seeking an unwholesome source of interest in criminal life and passions. If this charge against some of his novels has been pushed further than is reasonable, it is owing in some meas-

ure to the exaggerated pretensions to purity and elevation of moral design which have been put forward by the author. He was at the pains some years ago to write a pamphlet to justify his choice of subjects in his three novels of *Paul Clifford*, *Eugene Aram*, and *Lucretia* (the only ones to which this accusation directly applies), and to defend his treatment. The subject is skilfully and forcibly, but not very thoroughly, handled. We have no space here to discuss the grounds and limitations of the dealing of art with criminal subject-matter; in part, no doubt, the same considerations which forbid us to expect too much from mere sympathy with the expressions of the higher feelings and sentiments evoked by art are those which justify its use of the lower ones. But it is difficult to go along with an author in his undiscriminating claim to treat the every-day crimes of modern life as the legitimate subjects of imaginative fiction; nor does he meet the obvious objections to thus dealing with them by saying that we are daily brought in contact with the realities. The very question is, What are the limits of art in the reproduction of realities? There are many things in life, the most repulsive and degrading, which we cannot avoid; but this is no argument for voluntarily reproducing them, and giving them that hold upon us which they derive from being seen through a vivid imagination. We willingly admit that Bulwer's genius particularly qualifies him to interpose the screen of art before his deformed subject-matter; but here, as elsewhere, the love of effect predominates over all other considerations. *Lucretia* may be said to be the only one of Bulwer's novels in which crime is made the main source of interest; and skilfully managed as it is, those who read it can scarcely escape the conviction that it is degrading to be brought into this close contact with revolting crime for the sake of the fine writing and exciting scenes of action which can be spun out of it. And though it may be true, as Bulwer urges, that art can enforce a deeper moral than a common mind can gather from realities, yet it is certain that he himself is but ill-qualified to pluck the flower out of this nettle. He has little or no power to depict the influence of criminal indulgence on the human heart; he does not bring that knowledge, that insight, which alone can give dignity to such a theme. He believes he does,

and he is therefore fairly justified to himself. You cannot blame him for writing *Lucretia*, conceiving, as he evidently does, that it is full of deep wisdom, and unravels the mysteries of men's temptations and of God's judgments. But it is not so. It is at best a mere intellectual study, and by no means a profound one. The criminal interest in the *Children of Night* is simply the vivid personal description and lively history of the actions of three murderers. It is ably done; it is relieved happily enough by the less revolting characters and brighter aspects of the story; but it has in it nothing of that profound insight into the sources of crime, none of that *truth*, to be brief, which alone can reconcile us to such a picture. And at the same time the author seeks to create a fictitious interest, opposed to its own and all true principles of art, by reminding us constantly that the story has a basis in actual fact. This is worst of all. If a story like this is true, we then confine ourselves to what we know. In real facts some grain of golden experience lies always hidden for those whose business it may be to search for it. But when an artist like Bulwer lays hold of it, alters it to his purpose, furnishes it up, adorns it with poetical language, rhetorical gauds, and a bright depicting fancy, and thinks he has done the cause of goodness service by the not less than savage cruelty with which he dilates on the doom which overtakes the guilty lives he pictures,—what can we really learn from a medley where the reality is inextricably mixed with false lights thrown in to make a glittering picture? If a poet can draw a guilty career and a sinful heart *truly*, he may teach us much. But this needs two things; the insight to perceive the truth, and a singleness of purpose to lay it bare. If a writer have these, he may create truth-teaching phantasms out of the resources of his imagination; if he have them not, to base his creations on a substructure of reality is but to introduce an element of additional perplexity, and to give a spur to false excitement. In *Eugene Aram*, as in *Lucretia*, a nucleus of reality is made a false source of interest. Without it the *Eugene Aram* of Bulwer would scarcely command the perusal of any one more exigeant than a schoolboy. It rings hollow and artificial from beginning to end. It can scarcely be said to touch on real human life. It is a sort of pasteboard exist-

ence to which you are introduced, so hard and stiff and thin are all the figures. But it is with the morality of the story we are now occupied. No doubt the sudden descent of cultivated intellect, and an apparently gentle and elevated nature, into foul crime, is a phenomenon which startles men strangely, which lays hold on something deeper than our curiosity, and which may well challenge the keenest inquisition of both the philosopher and the poet. But the only way in which the poet can turn it to a moral purpose, is to find a moral solution of it. Assuredly in that nature there was some moral canker, which had eaten wide and deep below the surface before so sudden a collapse could have taken place. To deem otherwise is to upset the foundations of the world. To tell us that a man not only apparently but really wise, humane, conscientious, and pious, may step out any dark night with a bludgeon and murder a passer-by for the sake of his purse, is to dissolve the faith which is the fundamental cement of human society. There are but two explanations of such an event: either

"Rank corruption, mining all within,  
Corrupts unseen;"

or insanity, in some form or other, has unhinged the nature. A true poet, dealing with such a subject, would find its deepest demands upon him in those mysteries of human self-deception which would at once explain it and derive light from it. Bulwer does, indeed, aim at something of this kind; but his treatment is shallow and artificial. He has heard of a Spanish priest who committed a somewhat similar crime, and grafts the jesuitical sophistries proper to such a nature and education on the English scholar. With the real difficulties of the intricate phenomenon before him he is utterly incapable of dealing; and the very fact of his venturing, with the resources at his command, on such a subject shows that the moral aspect of the thing has no real hold upon him; but that he is mainly anxious to get good materials for a novel out of it. What he wants is a romantic figure of a man involved in mystery, whom it shall be woe to the fair-haired sister to love, who shall attract admiration and commiseration, and whose end shall be as the end of a blue-light on the stage.

*Clifford* is open to the same objection of want of moral veraciousness of painting. A boy nursed among thieves and ruffians could

never retain the characteristics which make Clifford's claim upon our sympathy. One would not examine these claims to moral purpose so strictly if they were not urged by the author so strongly. *Clifford*, though often silly both in its wit and its sentiment, is a good-humored and clever enough satire, though in somewhat a small way. William Brandon is a good figure, and there is spirit and vivacity enough in the book to carry us through it. *Eugene Aram* may pass muster as a melodrama, and *Lucretia* as an exciting story for those whose tastes are not very refined; and all may claim to be written with a decent regard for propriety, and with a desire to avoid the mischievous handling of doubtful materials. But when the author invites us to enter them as treasure-houses of wisdom, and seems, when in later life he opens the door afresh with a new preface, to fall back himself astonished at the dignity of the structure and the wealth amassed in it, no one can help expressing some disappointment when he comes to scrutinize for himself the subject-matter of so profound and doubtless so genuine an admiration.

As a constructive artist Bulwer is indisputably great; and his works stand in this respect above those of every contemporary, we may almost say every rival. *Tom Jones* is a true work of art; still it is of simple construction. *Ernest Maltravers* and *What will he do with it?* are far more complex narratives, and in structure not less complete and harmonious. In truthfulness, in wisdom, in humor, in good taste, in all that marks higher poetic power, and in some respects a higher nature, Fielding stands immeasurably above Bulwer; but in skill of construction, in command of intricate combinations of facts, Bulwer may certainly claim to rival, if not to excel, him who is justly esteemed to stand first in the ranks of the writers of prose fiction. There is something marvellous in the grasp he has of his whole design, and the skill and ease with which he evolves all intricacies of plot; with which, without straining his characters or his incidents, he marshals all his materials and concentrates his varied forces on one result. Perhaps his only defect as a narrator is, that he sometimes indulges in a sort of new spring at the end of his story, and just when the whole should draw to its sudden solution, creates a new difficulty, which unduly protracts the finale: such is Sophy's refusal to

accept Lionel, Maltravers' last contest with Alice, and perhaps,—though there, indeed, it is more of the substance of the whole story,—Philip's attachment to Caroline, in *Night and Morning*.

Joined with his constructive and narrative power, Bulwer has a great faculty for description, and a quick eye for the external life of the world. He has lived among men and seen society; he has great familiarity with the demeanor of his fellow-creatures. There are certain more obvious aspects of character with which he everywhere deals, and he depicts them very vividly; he can represent forcibly men as they appear in action; he can paint with vigor the working of the passions.

A certain masculine energy prevails through all his works, and is one of their best features. He may have no sympathy with the higher motives of the will, but he cannot bear to see its powers frittered away. The ambition he loves to paint may not be the loftiest, but at least it demands self-control and energy. He has represented men engaged in the real interests of life, not confining himself to catching them in their hours of sentiment and recreation, but conveying, perhaps with more success than any other novelist, the impressions of persons really busied in the affairs of the world; in all he writes there is a full mental wakefulness; nothing sleeps, nothing dawdles. Intellectual activity is one of the prominent characteristics of the author's nature, and leaves its stamp not only in all his books, but in all the personages of his creation. His artistic and intellectual faculties give the key to all his main characteristics as a writer. He might be described as an author with a strong passion to create, and dependent on intellectual resources. Hence his fertility, and the constant occupation of new fields of activity: hence his confusion of thought, for his intellect is constantly grasping at questions in which his moral insight is insufficient to give him the necessary support and assistance; he apprehends intellectually the subjects of other men's feelings, and is forever giving you a sort of mental substitute for realities. From the poverty of his moral and poetic nature comes the want of inner connectedness in all his various productions; they have a common intellectual likeness, but in other respects they suit themselves to the demands of his subject or the tastes of the day: the undisguised licentiousness and free-

dom of Pelham; the effrontery of Devereux; the softened and anxiously explained fall of Ernest Maltravers, and its French taste, and sometimes (as in the account of Alice and the Banker) approach to French indecencies; the domestic sentimentalities of the Caxtons; and the electro-plate imitation of the highest tone in his last two novels,—these things could not come out of the inner nature of the same man; they are the assumptions of his art. His moral truths are got up for the particular occasion, and serve only to carry him through a single work: often they are only made up to emboss a page, or give point to a paragraph; wrapt up in affected language, they decorate the chapter, and fill up the interstices of the narrative. The discontinuity of his moral reflections does not arise from his genius being dramatic,—it is the reverse of dramatic; it is not that the moral character of his personages varies, but the moral temper of the different works; and all the characters, however various, are steeped in the particular atmosphere which for the time prevails.

His intellectual conclusions have, as we should expect, somewhat more continuity. He has some wrong dogmas of art in which he may almost be said to believe; but his ideas, with the exception of those which bear on an ambition to win success in the world and fame after death, are not such as concern the realities of life, and the mass of thoughts have no fixed root of inner conviction from which they spring. It would be absurd to assert that with a man of Sir Bulwer Lytton's intellectual range and large mental energy there should not be much that is true and forcibly put among his multitudinous assertions; but when he touches on any deeper theme, it is rarely indeed that his words speak with any force to us, rarely that we can escape the sense of their being artificial and hollow; and the reason of this is, that without specially analyzing his feelings, every reader gathers more or less the knowledge that it is love of display, not love of truth, which dictates them,—that they serve a purpose instead of expressing a belief. From want of moral convictions, it naturally follows that he has no self-reliance; he alternately defies, and abjectly humbles himself before, the popular opinions of moral questions. Thus how glaringly he paints Maltravers' guilty pleasure, and how lightly he handles his sin! but of

Alice, where there is no sin, he dares not say as much, but anxiously arrogates to himself the credit of her sufferings, and claims to have virtuously devised a retribution for her. Hence too, in great measure, his excessive sensitiveness to opinion and adverse criticism. A man who is sensible of having spoken the truth that is in him, or given a voice to his real inspirations, will have strength enough in himself to give its just weight to criticism, whether favorable or otherwise, and dignity to let that which is unjust pass him by. He will scarcely betake himself to protestations, and hold himself out in prose and verse as injured and unappreciated.

The way in which Bulwer gives us an intellectual *réchauffé* of the original thing is most curiously illustrated in his humor and his poetry. With no inconsiderable share of wit, he has but a bare spark of humor in his composition; yet how cleverly the imitation of it is got up in his later novels! The "augh baugh" and other clumsy and labored jocularity of the corporal in *Eugene Aram* is exchanged for something much more like the real thing. Still, every reader of common penetration sees that it does not come naturally from him; that it is collected elsewhere, or painstakingly invented, and sewn on like gold lace on a coat. A humorous man could not possibly have printed many of the things which Bulwer presents us with as humorous; he would have despised himself if they had occurred to him. But they never would have occurred to him. Their very presence indicates blindness, absence of faculty. Any clever man may, with more or less success, imitate humorous sayings; but it is a clear proof that he is thus imitating, and has no sense of the humorous in himself, when he can mistake for humor such things as are presented to the insulted reader in the headings of some of the chapters of *What will he do with it?*

None of Bulwer's early novels deal with the affections. When he bethought himself to be humorous, and affectionately instead of passionately sentimental, he took down his Sterne. And he has availed himself well of his studies. He has not only familiarized himself with the style and manner of his master, he has been bold enough to appropriate his greatest work. And his Bowdler's edition of *Tristram Shandy* is extremely well done. Poor Uncle Toby comes off the worst; with a tight stock round

his throat and a poker down his back, he sits there in rigid strait-lacedness, doing lasting penance for the too unconstrained ease of his former demeanor; condemned to be eternally sentimental, and to be denied the solace of laughter. A word as to the plagiarism. It was permissible to any one to take his suggestions for his leading characters, his hints of humor and his modes of style, from a work of such recognized fame as *Tristram Shandy*; but it has always been esteemed a part of candor to recognize obligations so great, and a perfect silence in such a case contrasts ill with the somewhat officious recognition of small and unimportant ones scattered here and there through the writings of Bulwer. It does not improve the matter that *The Caskets* is mainly adapted to be a favorite with female readers; and that with them, happily, the sources from which it was drawn would be tolerably sure to escape detection. Throughout his works Bulwer is not very strict in availing himself of foreign resources. Even his last novel bears, in the character of Mrs. Crane, and in the style of narrative, very evident traces, not so much of his having been influenced by, as of his having consulted the writings of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Charles Reade. He condescends even to adopt Sterne's little buffooneries in printing; and it was an unblushing thing to feed a second donkey after the model of the macaroon scene in *The Sentimental Journey*.

Nothing can more forcibly indicate Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's absolute deficiency in true poetical genius than the value he assigns to his own poetry. After ample time for reflection, he has deliberately placed it on record that his *King Arthur* is the highest effort of his powers, and the work on which he rests his claims to posthumous fame. This is to be most unjust to himself. No poet could have written *King Arthur*. But granting so difficult an hypothesis, it is impossible he could have imposed upon himself with it. No reader gifted with the humblest susceptibility to imaginative impressions can be deceived by it. He may be puzzled to explain why it is not poetry; but his native instincts infallibly consign it "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." He may not be able to say why it is unreadable, but he will not read it. The true solution is, that it is not a poem at all, but a very clever imitation of one; and poetry is a thing which does not admit of imitations, however clever.

A man with Sir Bulwer Lytton's endowments can no more sit down and say, I will write a great epic poem, than a plain woman can resolve to have a handsome face. All he can do is what is here done. He can skilfully put together the materials which poets use. No man is absolutely destitute of fancy, or even of the true imaginative faculty; but for Bulwer to attempt to vivify a poem of twelve books with the amount of bardic fire and insight which is at his disposal, is as if one should attempt to light up St. Paul's with a single composition-candle. We had proposed to make it the subject of some detailed criticisms, but our heart has failed us. The mosaic splendor of strained expression and exaggerated sentiment which, as in the case of an over-dressed gentleman, gives an air of vulgarity not always deserved to his prose works, shines out in his poems in a yet higher degree. For the rest, they serve only to illustrate, with somewhat sharper lines, the deficiencies we have noted in his prose works; they are, indeed, only novels spoiled into verse, and they have scarcely readers enough to make it desirable that they should find commentators. With his novels it is different. Mr. Routledge's wonderfully cheap editions place them at the disposal of thousands, and they have attractions which cannot fail to secure them a wide perusal. But their claims to a more lasting reputation must depend on their real merits, not on their false pretensions, still less on the author's direct and hungry demand for applause. It is the

voice of the fit audience though few, gaining fresh adherents from each new generation, which makes fame permanent. Bulwer has got a radically false notion, the presence and influence of which pervades all his works. He thinks the ideal, the poetical, is something separate from, something even in contrast with reality, and that we can in our creations transcend nature and improve upon the work of the Almighty; whereas all we can do is to give a special completeness within a certain narrow sphere, and concentrate the elements of perfection by confining ourselves to a particular aspect. No poet can grasp the great whole of the universe, explore its plan, or comprehend its beauty; he sees only patches of the world, he apprehends only fleeting glimpses of life: but the power is given him out of that which he does see to make a whole of his own; to conceive, to create something; petty, indeed, and limited, compared with the vast creation from which it is drawn, and within which it stands, yet which moves on its own axle and is entire within itself. But it must rest on reality; there must be some sense in which imagination, even in its wildest flights, keeps harmony with the universe in which we live, or we recoil from its births as distorted and monstrous. Bulwer deserves sincere admiration for the zeal and perseverance with which he has devoted himself to his profession of a novel-writer; but he is a warning that no mere mastery of the machinery of art can compensate for a severance from the truths of nature.

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THE Waldenses have occupied the valleys of the Alps, both in France and Sardinia, for a long series of years. They claim to be the descendants of the primitive Christians, and at one time were estimated at 800,000. They have been reduced by war, pestilence, famine, and all the accumulated evils of a hunted and proscribed class, until now there remains less than 40,000. They are simple, humble, consistent Christians, poor in every thing but piety, and yet cheerful, heroic men. They have been the admiration of the world, and Bonaparte expressed the deepest interest in them. Oliver

Cromwell interposed in their behalf, and £60,000 were then contributed for their aid in England. An English Episcopalian, Dr. Gillie, had long been the friend of the Waldenses, making annual visits, but now is a resident among them. So it is in other portions of Sardinia, as among the Waldenses, Protestant churches, colleges and schools prevail, and the highest order of civil and religious liberty exists. To suppress all this is the real intent of Austria, but the spirit of manliness and honor in France and in Great Britain, and even in Russia, frowns upon this audacious design.

CHAPTER XI.  
THE CONFESSOR.

FOR many days Isola had lain upon the couch to which she had been carried on her first arrival at the fortress, utterly exhausted in body and spirit, and appearing barely conscious of the anxious cares of her hostesses. Her senses had never wholly forsaken her; but she remained in that state of prostration in which scenes and objects pass before the eyes and are partially understood and recognized, but leave the mind merely passive, without the power or the inclination to inquire or reason upon them. Her health had not actually suffered from the exposure to the storm, but the nerves had been overstrained while she was yet weak from recent illness; and it was well for her that Giacomo had been compelled to choose Willan's Hope as her place of shelter. Elfhild's calm experience, and the warm-hearted devotion of Gladice, whose feelings, once roused, confessed to no fatigue and grudged no exertion, were far more valuable in her case than any resources which the profoundest medical science could have brought to bear. Slowly, day by day, her eyes regained their expression, and looked inquiringly from one kind face to the other, and then were closed with a grateful but weary smile. Once, and only once, in the dusk of the evening, Gladice had been told that the yeoman who had been her escort had called to make inquiry after his lady's health; but before she could effect her escape to the castle-hall—which she fully intended to have done, in spite of her aunt's dignified scruples—he had already received his answer, and was gone. Picot, however, had several times made his appearance at the fortress, and had shown a very natural and praiseworthy interest in the fair traveller's recovery; and it was equally praiseworthy that the two ladies should have summoned the forester to their presence to relieve his anxiety by their personal assurances, and perhaps equally natural that they should question him as to the circumstances of his encounter with the travellers on that terrible night, when he had the good fortune to become, in a humble sense, the deliverer of a lady in distress. As Picot belonged to Ladysmede, and therefore might be considered almost as an actual retainer of their own house, it was by no means derogatory—as Elfhild was at the pains to observe, in her own and her niece's vindication—to

hold those communications with him on this interesting subject, which it would have been quite indecorous to have entered upon with a stranger whose degree and general belongings were utterly unknown. The forester remained firm in his account of the adventure; which, if not strictly true, had the vast advantage which a silent falsehood always has over the richest inventive faculty: it defied cross-questioning, and led the originator into no mistakes or self-contradictions. And when Picot once found that he was looked upon by Gladice (whose notions of the heroic, it will be remembered, were scarcely orthodox) rather in the light of a hero, he was careful to present the adventures of the night to his fair questioners as much as possible in that point of view; not so much, let it be said in justice, for the sake of claiming any undue credit to himself, as in the hope of fixing their attention upon his own desperate exertions, and the perils which his courage and sagacity had surmounted, rather than on the previous history of the stranger lady and her companion. So well did he succeed, that he received from the noble hands of Elfhild herself a cup of wine, with a gracious intimation of her high favor and approval; to which the younger lady added a piece of silver, which Picot accepted with many thanks, and little scruple of conscience. Even if he felt it was given upon a somewhat overrated estimate of his deserts as a hero, he was content to take it as the reward of virtuous self-denial in the matter of the Italian's gold. If any one had cared to track the forester on his return after these visits of inquiry, it might have been noticed that he always met Father Giacomo either by the river-side or in the neighborhood of his chapel at Lowcote.

However naturally desirous the ladies of Willan's Hope might be to learn something of the history of the stranger who had been thus left helpless in their charge, their kindness was much stronger than their curiosity. Even when Isola had so far recovered as to be able to express her thanks in words, no question ever passed the lips of Elfhild or Gladice which could have implied that they sought any explanation of the circumstances which had made her their guest. Neither of them were conscious that they were showing any peculiar delicacy in this reserve, or were exercising any but the simplest duties of hospitality.

It need not be supposed, however, that in the privacy of their own chamber the aunt and niece felt any obligation to silence upon so interesting a subject. If their sick visitor was indebted to them for her life, they in their turn had very much to thank her for. It would have been not far from the truth to say of both of them—certainly of Gladice, and Elfild's youth was a long time to look back upon—that they had never been so happy in their lives. They had become possessed of two things most necessary to woman's happiness—something upon which to lavish their whole hearts-full of spontaneous and uncalculating love and kindness, and something to talk about. The possible unworthiness of the object—the positive mystery which attached to it—were additional points of attraction. Instead of sitting dreaming in the window, Gladice was now always busy either devising something for the comfort of their new charge, or inventing and suggesting to her relative some ingenious elucidation of the stranger's history, which the elder lady usually pronounced impossible, and thereby gave her niece the opportunity of following out in her mind a new train of conjecture for the morrow.

It was possible, also, that another break in the isolated life of the old fortress had contributed to enliven the spirits of its occupants, and to make them less sensible of the weariness of their daily cares in the sick-chamber. Twice there had been visitors from Ladysmede. Once Sir Godfrey had accompanied his guest, and passed an hour or two in converse with his fair kinswomen; and again both had listened with delighted attention to the stirring incidents of war told by the eloquent tongue of the Crusader. The second time Sir Nicholas had come alone, followed only by his squire, and had besought the ladies' company to witness the performance of a cast of foreign hawks which he had brought with him, and which bore a wonderful reputation. Elfild had on this occasion prayed to be excused; but the younger lady had been delighted to join in the sport under the seneschal's protection, and had returned with many praises of the prowess of the birds, and the delicate skill shown by the knight in handling them. And the gallant falcons—an almost priceless gift—were left at Willan's Hope for the Lady Gladice's future delectation, to the pride and joy of Warenger, a

keen lover of the gentle sport, whose word of commendation, never lightly bestowed, was thenceforth never wanting either for the birds themselves or for their noble donor.

The visits of Brother Ingulph from the monastery had always been looked forward to, especially by Gladice, as an agreeable distraction from the daily round of stitching and window-gazing, and promenading on the narrow rampart, which, with the exception of occasional rides under Warenger's escort, were the ordinary rule of her life. The interval which had passed since his last appearance at the fort had now been longer than usual; and when he was ushered rather suddenly into their presence by Judith—as a person who had the privilege of entrance, by virtue of his office in season and out of season—his welcome from both ladies was proportionately cordial. To quarrel with a neighbor because he had not found it convenient to show himself quite so often as usual, was not only repugnant to the unenlightened code of hospitality current at the time, but was a luxury which could scarcely have been afforded in such a limited circle of society. When, therefore, the good Benedictine, long expected, was at last announced, the warmth of his reception was such as almost to embarrass his modesty. Brother Ingulph's insensibility to the attractions of the fairer sex, in any ordinary sense was no ascetic affection, or even the result of careful self-discipline, as with many of his order; but an honest natural indifference, whether to be regarded as a merit or a defect. Probably this qualification had not been overlooked by the superiors of his house when he was intrusted with the charge of the spiritual interests of Willan's Hope. Certain it was that he looked upon both ladies with very sincere respect and impartial admiration. He might have been aware that Dame Elfild was the elder of the two; if he had ever noticed that Gladice had the brightest smile, he had often been heard to avouch that her aunt was a very discreet woman. His embarrassment that morning arose from another cause besides his natural modesty. Good Brother Ingulph was hardly in his usual spirits, or prepared to reciprocate any unusually sprightly greeting. There was plainly something on his mind. He sighed over the reflection set before him as if it had been an act of penance, and poured himself a second draught of wine—contrary to his

usually abstemious habits—with an air of resigned mortification. He was in trouble, and he had too little worldly wisdom to conceal it. It was not possible that his fair entertainers should not notice the change from the simple cheerfulness which made him at other times so agreeable a visitor; nor was it long before they drew from him an explanation. Indeed he was very ready to give it to those from whom he felt so sure of sympathy.

"Alas! kind dames," said he, "I have good cause to bear a sorrowful countenance; the spoilers have been in our camp this morning, and have made prey of us."

"What can you mean, father?" said Gladice in some alarm, for such an event as the literal sacking and plundering of a religious house over-night, was quite within the possible items of morning intelligence.

"His majesty King Richard hath laid his royal hands upon us," said the monk.

"How!" exclaimed the elder lady—"the king is surely in Palestine?"

"Ay," replied Ingulph; "but his gracious majesty hath a long arm. He is pleased to borrow money of us for the war, whereas it is but too well known we have more need to become borrowers ourselves; and we have been put to sore straits to meet his demand. I know not how it is," continued the worthy brother with a distressed air—"we pass among men for a wealthy house, I dare warrant; and our lord abbot keeps a very seemly state—as is but becoming his position, no doubt—I mean not to goinsay it; but there have been sore difficulties of late in providing for our needful wants. Twice I have made requisition to the abbot for parchment for our scriptorium, and am ashamed to ask again, and yet our work lies idle for lack of it. It is hardly for me to say it, but it were well that the ordering of our revenues were somewhat better looked to."

The most unpractical of scholars, ignorant as an angel of all the base debtor-and-creditor transactions of this commercial world, Ingulph had a little hidden conceit in a corner of his honest heart, that he possessed an unrecognized talent for business. On most other points none could have conceived a lower opinion of his capabilities than he entertained himself; had he been called to take upon him the office of a bishop, he would have pronounced the *nolo episcopari* with the utmost humility and sincerity; but he would have

liked much to have been appointed to some office of trust in the financial department of his convent; and it might safely be prophesied that any society enjoying the benefit of his services in such a character, would have been bankrupt within the year.

"But you were enabled, I trust, by some means, to provide for his majesty's requirements?" said Dame Elsild, who shared to some extent the popular notion that churchmen were generally rich, and generally disclaimed it.

"Alas!" replied the monk, "we have given, as I may say, of our life-blood in his service. Nathaniel the Jew had been in conference with the lord abbot and the prior this morning, and has carried off with him—whether on pledge or sale I cannot tell, for such as I are little consulted in such dealings—sundry precious things that it shames us to have parted with—ay, if it were for all the gold in Israel. Would you believe it, gentle lady," he continued, turning to Gladice—"our copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch—there was not another in England except at Canterbury, and that, as I have heard, wants a leaf—you have heard me speak of it—written in a most fair character, in letters of silver upon purple vellum—well, this dog of a Jew hath that away with him. It had silver embossed covers, too; it was the goodliest volume my eyes ever lighted on, and was the blessed Queen Etheldreda's gift to us; well-a-way! to think it should have fallen into the hands of a misbeliever!"

"Was it very choice reading, 'father!'" inquired Gladice innocently. She had not the most distant conception of what a Pentateuch might be; but her taste in literature, so far as it went had more regard to the subject-matter of the work than its external attractions:

"It was the choicest volume in Christendom," said Ingulph, rather pursuing his own private lamentations than replying to Gladice.

"You have read it yourself, doubtless?" persevered the maiden, with laudable interest and curiosity, only still further excited by the librarian's enthusiastic praises.

"Read it!" exclaimed he, roused by what he considered almost an insult to his lost treasure—"there was not one amongst, our brotherhood that could pretend to read it. Young Wolfert, the abbot's new chaplain, professed that he knew the characters, but

not the dialect; there was none of us could contradict him, be that as it may: the precentor of Jumiéges, when he was on a visit with us in Abbot Aldred's time, said it was Syriac—and he passed for a fine scholar! Ha, ha! a little learning goes far in that fraternity!" and the monk laughed with honest delight at the impregnable front which his darling manuscript had presented against the assaults of pretenders. "Read it?" He did not say quite so much, but it was in his eyes as a maiden castle, and would have lost something of its fair fame and repute if ever adventurous champion could boast of having scaled its defences.

The disappointed Gladice asked no further questions, and was content to think that the Pentateuch, whatever it might be, was as great a mystery to the learned as to herself. But the monk could hardly leave a subject which on that particular morning lay so near his heart.

"It was said," he continued, "that there were fearful Samaritan curses written at the end of the volume, against any man who should in time to come steal or otherwise misappropriate it. St. Mary vouchsafe us that they fall not upon our house!"

"We will trust they may not, father," said the lady. Curses in a tongue which even the learned Benedictine could not read, must have seemed to her fearful indeed.

Dame Elshild was rather wearied of hearing of the good father's troubles, with which she felt less sympathy than her niece; or perhaps she kindly judged that the most effectual way to distract their visitor's thoughts from dwelling upon such painful matters, was to give him an interest for the time in something else. They announced to him therefore the fact—strange enough in itself to be interesting—that they had a guest now at Willan's Hope; and put him in possession of all the particulars of her sudden arrival.

"It might be, Gladice," said she, turning to her niece when she had finished her recital, "that the lady would be well pleased to take some ghostly counsel with the reverend father, if she knew that he were here with us?"

Gladice at once volunteered to announce to their guest the arrival of the Benedictine, as an opportunity that occurred but seldom in their retired position, and sought Isola's chamber for that purpose.

Their patient showed more progress towards convalescence that morning than for some days. She always welcomed Gladice with a gentle word and smile; and indeed it was not for many hours in the day that the young mistress of the castle left her alone, though she had purposely abstained as much as possible from all but the most ordinary conversation. Isola was sitting up on her couch, with her rosary in her hand, when Gladice entered. There were traces of tears fresh upon her cheeks, but of this her hostess took no notice. Briefly but kindly, and with some little embarrassment—for Gladice's own devotion was very undemonstrative—she explained to her the nature of Ingulph's connection with their household, and that he would gladly make it a part of his duties to extend to her any comfort or direction which she might require.

The pale cheeks of the invalid flushed brightly, as she thanked Gladice for her thoughtful kindness. "Tell me," she said, after a few moments' thought, as she laid her thin hand upon her visitor's rounded arm, with more of a caressing gesture than she had seemed to venture upon before—"Tell me—this Father Ingulph, I think, you named him"—she hesitated again—"is he one to whom *you* would lay bare your heart if—if, which Heaven forbid, you had sin and sorrow heavy on it like mine?" And she hid her face in her hands.

A slight color rose over Gladice's cheek, but it passed away; and when the other looked up again and met her gaze, the clear, sweet eye and calm brow showed no emotion.

"I know not," she replied; "I cannot tell: I confess to him, always."

"God keep you pure and good!" said the other with an almost passionate earnestness, bending down her lips to kiss the arm she held; "let me not vex you with my questions—you have confidence in him, then?"

"He is an honest, good man, as I believe," returned Gladice, somewhat coldly: the conversation puzzled her. She had no especial secrets of her own to confide to any one; she was not quite sure that she should choose good Father Ingulph for their depositary if she had—or indeed any one else; but that was a case which it would be time enough to provide for when it should arrive. Whatever troubles of conscience she might have, were only such as she could either struggle with alone, or relieve by very general terms of

confession. She did not know, happily for herself, the yearnings of an overburdened heart to rest its load anywhere—were it even on a broken reed like itself—that proffers support for the moment.

"He is honest, you say, dear lady," said Isola, after another pause; "and you have known him long. I would gladly see him, if you will kindly be my messenger."

Gladice waited only to find some little office of kindness to perform for her patient, whose appeal for advice and half-offered confidence she was uncomfortably conscious of having felt unable to respond to with the warmth that might have been expected; and having thus made such atonement as she could to her own feelings, she left the chamber, and returning to the monk, informed him of their guest's desire to see him. He received the summons with his usual good-humored smile, and with little anxiety or embarrassment. It was some testimony in favor of Elfhild and her niece that their spiritual director—and to them his experience of the sex had been limited—did not appear to consider the confidential treatment of feminine transgressions or weaknesses as a very onerous responsibility.

He ascended the narrow turret-stair with an active step, and if not with a very light heart, it was a tender regret for the lost treasures of his library which still affected him, and not any unusually grave anticipations of the coming interview. He was absent more than an hour; a length of time which caused some surprise in the minds of those whom he had left below, for each of whom a few minutes' conference amply sufficed for all matters of confession and absolution; and Gladice began to expect his return with some degree of painful interest. He re-entered their apartment slowly, and with an expression of troubled thought upon his face, which Gladice marked at once, and did not connect in her own mind with any of the tribulations of the monastery. Though Father Ingulph seemed rather to avoid her glance, she could not withdraw her eyes from his countenance; and strange as it seemed even to herself, she half longed to read there the history which but an hour since she felt that a word of encouragement would have sufficed to draw from Isola's own lips. But she was silent, and did not intend to question him even by her look. The elder lady, less consciously interested, did not feel

bound to such scrupulous reserve. She would have shrunk as naturally as Gladice would, from any thought of intrusion into the sacred confidences between the priest and his spiritual patient; but she could not help hoping that the good monk would naturally have asked some questions which were not included among the secrets of the confessional, and that in this manner she might be able partly to gratify her irresistible wish to know something of the stranger's character and history; a wish which scarcely deserved the name of curiosity, since it had been restrained within such careful bounds. She had rather expected that Ingulph would have been the first to make some remark upon the subject; for the honest-hearted Benedictine was not used to affect taciturnity, and was rather inclined to compensate himself for the silence which his rule enjoined in the cloister, by all reasonable indulgence of his liberty of speech abroad. But he was silent now; and Elfhild's sharp eyes soon discovered that he was ill at ease, and embarrassed also. It is a woman's privilege, in such circumstances, to take the initiative; and Elfhild—her desire for information by no means diminished by these symptoms on his part—boldly proceeded to interrogate him, while Gladice listened with eyes and ears.

"What think you of our lady guest, father?"

It was a question admitting of so many varieties of reply, that perhaps for that reason Ingulph was at a loss to choose one. He only uttered one of those unintelligible interjections which serve to gain time.

Elfhild repeated her question.

"Alas! poor soul!" said the monk, feelingly, "she has much need of consolation; it is well for her that she has fallen into such gentle hands. She has spoken much to me of your kindness; and it pains her to have been burdensome to you so long."

"It is no burden," said the elder lady with some dignity; "our doors—my niece's, I should say—have ever been open to the stranger. Be she who she may, she is right welcome to the shelter of our roof so long as she needs it."

"You know nothing, as I understand," said Ingulph, "of her miserable story?"

"We have never sought to know," replied Elfhild.

"She fears that she may have seemed un-

grateful; but this much I may assure you of —what she conceals is more for the sake of others than her own. And she is loth, too, to trouble a peaceful life such as yours by making known what could only pain and shock you."

"If we could be of any help"—said the younger lady without raising her eyes.

"I see not how you could," replied the monk dejectedly; "I see little that any one can do; she is not friendless, or in poverty, though in a land of strangers—for you have learnt that she is not English born?"

"She spoke of Genoa as her home," said Gladice; "did you mark a wondrous sweetness in her voice, father—such as we northern maidens never attain to?"

"Nay," interposed the elder lady, "under your favor, my fair niece, that is an excellence for which the dames of our blood are not wont to be so discommended; even if the Norman tongue be shrill—which I grant not—the old British royal house through which we claim inheritance had a tongue more melodious even than the southrons—your own ancestress, the princess of Gwent, whose name you bear, was better known in bardic lay as *Eos erin*—the golden nightingale—by reason of her tuneful voice."

Father Ingulph had neither a critical ear for voices, nor a happy talent for compliment, otherwise it would have been the easiest and truest possible remark for him to have made, that Gladice's own voice was perfection. He was content with honestly confessing that he had noticed no peculiar modulation in the Italian lady's tones. He might have added in his defence, that he had never been able to learn the notes in the whole course of his novitiate, and had been pronounced first contumacious, and finally incapable, by the precentor; and even to this day made sounds in choir which excruciated the accomplished ears of his brethren. But he might have given a graver reason for his lack of discrimination in this particular instance; the matter of his penitent's communication had been too absorbing for him to pay much heed to the voice.

"In this poor lady's case," said the worthy father as he took his leave, "whatever it becomes you to know, as touching an inmate of your house—whatever, I may say, you would desire to ask—she will not refuse to tell you; nay, it seems to me she would even wish it.

Fare ye well, noble ladies, and Saint Mary reward you for your charitable deed."

### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE GUESTS OF RIVELSBY.

THE Benedictine's thoughts, on his homeward walk to Rivelby, had been more busy with the troubles of others than with his own. He had never before been brought into such close contact with the bitterness of a wounded spirit, and he was humbled to think how little help or consolation, beyond the formal language of his office, he had been able to afford. He was returning to the cloister, which had been the home of his childhood, with a strengthened conviction that the world was indeed an evil place. Holier and wiser than himself were they who had called it so; and he was even meditating some little self-imposed penance because in the simple goodness of his own heart, which had hitherto kept him from seeing evil in others, he had sometimes been led to doubt whether that broad assertion of the world's wickedness were wholly true. He was more thankful than ever that those who had the care of him (he had never known a father) had dedicated him to the cloister in childhood, and so kept him safe from what might have been his own wayward choice, and a secular life's temptations.

He walked slowly, and the bell rang out for vespers while he was yet at some distance from the monastery. He stopped as the sound ceased, and having reverently crossed himself thrice, proceeded gravely on his way, reciting audibly to himself the familiar words of the office. Thus piously engaged, he had got within a short distance of the abbey gate, when he was startled by a rustling movement in the low alder-bushes close beside him. As he turned, a wild-looking, half-clad figure crept out, and stood in the pathway. Ragged and stubby hair and beard, eyes that glared fiercely out of hollow sockets, and a haggard countenance which might express either anger, fear, or madness, made up an appearance at which the worthy monk might well stand for a moment aghast, and repeat the holy sign with eager precaution. But it was soon evident that the wretched object before him intended no hostile demonstration; and though Ingulph started back again a step or two when the man threw himself forward, and, dropping on his knees, tried to clutch the folds of his

habit, he soon recovered himself sufficiently to address the suppliant, whose gestures were more intelligible than his words, in a tone of kindness.

"What do you seek of me, my son?"

The man made some unintelligible reply, and did not move from his position. The monk's first impression was, that he was some wandering lunatic who had escaped from the chains and torture in which such miserable beings were commonly kept, and though not seriously alarmed, since he appeared harmless, he paused for a few moments to bethink himself of some form of exorcism, should he require it. But it was really none other than Cuthwin, exhausted with hunger and watching, who had been encouraged by the sight of the monastic garb to appeal to its wearer for help or protection. The Benedictine rule of almsgiving was to give first, and to ask questions, if need were, afterwards; utterly unsound political economy, but having this advantage over improved systems, that if the questions were sometimes omitted, the alms never were; and even if the applicant's tale were sometimes false, the charity was always genuine. The story which the basketmaker had to tell was confused and unsatisfactory, but hunger and suffering spoke plainly in every line of his face; and the monk at once bid him follow him to the monastery, where his necessities would receive due attention. Cuthwin rudely but earnestly expressed his thanks, and followed his benefactor at a humble distance, yet near enough to claim his instant protection in case of need, and casting many a watchful look behind him, as if he still dreaded pursuit. Old Peter, dozing in his stone seat within the gateway, opened his sleepy eyes wider than usual to take cognizance of the unsightly figure which limped after Brother Ingulph; but the poor and needy had too often crowded the gates of Rivelby for him to feel any astonishment at such visitors, and many an outcast wanderer before Cuthwin had found there food and warmth and shelter. He was soon seated in the porch of the guest-hall, whilst his new-found friend went in search of the kitchener to provide for his necessities.

Gervase, the lay brother who bore that office at Rivelby, was engaged at the moment in earnest consultation with some of his subordinate officials in the kitchen, and was in

no very amiable mood. He was not a man of patient temper naturally; but indeed there had been much to try it that day. The fishermen had come in with an unusually short supply of what was one of the staple resources of the community; the prevalent thunder-storms of late, as they declared, had driven the fish into the deep waters, where no net could reach them. Even the eels,—of which the tenants of two farms upon the river were bound to furnish a certain number weekly,—where not forthcoming in full tale. And the beans for the soup, just sent in, were villainous; and what was worse, it would hardly do to make any serious complaint, inasmuch as the last supply had not yet been paid for. Brother Gervase was vexed to the heart, for he was sure to be held responsible by his brethren for any deficiency or unsavoriness in their daily fare. And the monks of Rivelby, though they had little opportunity of becoming gourmands, and were well content with the simple dietary ordered by their rule, were marvellously nice in their discrimination between good and evil in such plain viands as they were accustomed to. If a man drinks only water, he becomes a wonderful judge of its quality, and detects the slightest tinge of impurity where the palate which is used to stronger potations swallows all alike. A musty lentil in one of their pittances was a grievance which called for redress; and a batch of ill-salted fish had once wellnigh caused a domestic revolution. No wonder, then, if, with such anxieties weighing heavily on his mind, the kitchener listened in no very patient mood to his brother monk who came innocently to add to his troubles, though the demand for food and drink for a single starving man was no very unreasonable or formidable requisition. But it is the last straw which is said to break the back of the much-enduring camel: Brother Gervase had borne much that day, and in the matter of the beans had been obliged to bear it in ill-tempered silence. Nor had he any great confidence in the worthy librarian's discretion in selecting objects of charity.

"A pittance for a hungry wayfarer, saidst thou?" said the vexed official; "mark me, good brother, far be it from me to put any slight upon the Christian duty of almsgiving, and for the best of reasons: if matters go on long as they have done of late, we may all

have to fare forth one day like a rascal herd of friars mendicant, and beg charity of our neighbors."

"How now, brother?" said Ingulph, "has any new mischief befallen us?"

"Nay," returned the other, "'tis nothing new for us to lack money—it has been so ever since I first took office; but 'tis one of those evils which time will scarcely mend; and 'twill be something new for my lord abbot and for all of ye, to find bowl and platter set before ye empty—a consummation towards which, it seems to me, we are wending fast."

"What is the matter, Brother Gervase?" asked Simon, the sub-prior, in a good-humored tone. He had stolen down to the kitchen surreptitiously to inspect the fresh arrival of fish, in which he took a very cordial interest.

"I am seeking an answer to a very serious question, father," said the kitchener, eyeing him as one of the most determined consumers on the establishment. "How many days in the week, now, do you consider it possible to live upon prayers and promises?"

It was a dietary on which the sub-prior could form no opinion.

"Because," continued the other, "I am like to have nought besides, that I can see, to provide the house with till next St. Thomas' tide. Here is our winter store of ling and herring not yet laid in, and the fisheries falling short every day. See here, what they bring me this afternoon—scarce any thing fit to furnish forth the lord abbot's table, to-morrow, when he hath guests of rank to dine with him."

"This is a goodly fish," said the sub-prior, selecting from the heap on the floor a large pike which had a plumper look than the rest, and weighing it in his hands admiringly.

"He is lank in the withers," said Gervase, with a glance of his more experienced eye, "and hath but stuffed his maw with frogs, or some such vermin."

One of the cook's assistants took the fish from the sub-prior's hands, and performed a rapid act of dissection, which brought forth convincing proofs that the kitchener was correct in his judgment.

"And what noble guests is our reverend father expecting?" inquired Ingulph.

"Nay," replied Gervase, "has not Sir Nicholas le Hardi sent word that he will come to-morrow in person to receive our loyal contribution to his majesty's service? and has not

my lord abbot sent to pray that Sir Godfrey will please to ride with him? and shall we be niggard in our hospitality to such gracious visitors?"

"Certes, 'tis a piece of the Christian rule to feed our enemies," remarked the sub-prior.

"Yea, and good worldly policy likewise, brother," said Gervase: "catch your unruly beast with good oats—no need to waste them on your tame one, whom you may take by the forelock when you will; but how to feed either friends or foes out of an empty purse—there is a question, now, which Brother Ingulph here, with all his lore, shall find hard to resolve us."

"I would rather at this moment, good Gervase," said Ingulph, "that you would bestow something on the poor wayfarer I spoke of; neither my philosophy nor thine will go far to feed the hungry."

With a little grumbling, more affected than real, the kitchener bid a serving-boy follow the monk with some broken meat for the object of his charity.

"I will go see him eat it," said Brother Simon, to whom the sight appeared to promise a little gentle excitement.

Cuthwin's eye glared like a famished hound's at the food set before him, and scarcely waiting to mutter thanks to his benefactors, he applied himself to it with a power of appetite which, fortunately for the kitchener's calculations, was seldom seen within the abbey walls. It was not to be wondered at; for ever since he had been hiding from Sir Godfrey's wrath, he had subsisted on such wild berries as the thickets about the marsh could supply, with the eggs of water-birds, and such of their young as he could occasionally catch, and which he had made no scruple of devouring raw.

Brother Simon seated himself opposite the hungry man, and watched his performance with much interest and admiration.

"Poor soul!" said he, "'tis a pleasure to see him eat! I will e'en go and fetch him another trencher," he added good-naturedly, observing how rapidly the first liberal supply was disappearing.

From this purpose, however, he was dissuaded by his brother monk, both on the ground that the kitchener might fairly hold this second demand somewhat unreasonable, and on account of the danger—to say nothing of the sin—of such an inordinate indulgence

of appetite. At this moment, too, one of the novices entered, and, with a respectful salutation, informed the sub-prior that it was time to visit the infirmary, which was one of the peculiar duties of his office. Cuthwin looked a little disappointed, but the hospitable monk made what amends he could to him by filling again from the flagon the little bowl which had contained his beer.

"If you be the lord abbot, as I guess," said Cuthwin, taking breath at last, and looking gratefully upon the sub-prior, whose placid features and well-fed person bore about them a certain look of comfortable dignity—"I could tell something it might content your reverence to know."

"I am not the abbot," replied Brother Simon, simple enough to feel innocently flattered by the peasant's mistake—"but you may speak to me as well as to him, if it be aught that concerns our house; I will report it to the abbot, if there seem need."

The honest sub-prior had not the least intention of intercepting any private communication; but he did not expect that any communication at all from such a quarter could be of real importance. Cuthwin, however, was shrewder in his generation than the churchman; he was certainly more cunning. Shuffling uneasily in his seat, and looking from one monk to the other, he replied, "I would fain see the abbot himself, so please ye both."

"Thou art a bold knave," said the sub-prior, with a little snort, expressing as much offended self-importance as his easy nature was capable of; "wouldst have the lord abbot bestow his time no better, I warrant thee, than in listening to every idle tale that such as thou bring to the gate?"

But the librarian, now that he found that his unprepossessing acquaintance professed to have news to communicate, did not choose to have his importance underrated. He looked upon him as a little windfall of his own; and trusting to the known kindness of Abbot Martin's disposition, even should the man's desire to speak to him personally prove, as it well might, to be a mere delusion, or a pretext to obtain more alms, he rose from his seat, and having bid Cuthwin remain where he was for the present, explained to the sub-prior that he would at least go and inform their superior of this persevering request.

The abbot sat in his chamber, with the

young Giulio on his knee. His hand was playing with the fair curls, and the boy looked up to him with a beaming smile of affection. In many respects the little guest of Rivesby was greatly improved by his new companionship. Abbot Martin had already imparted something of his own frank and bold nature to the young spirit, whose ungenial childhood hitherto had fostered some of the finer sensibilities at the expense of those stronger qualities which would be looked for in a boy of noble blood. There was still enough of the soldier under the churchman's robes, to make him less careful to encourage his young charge in the clerical learning for which he already showed a taste and capacity far beyond his years, than to instil into him all the nobler principles of true chivalry which had formed his own early training, and in which Giulio's character might have run some risk of proving deficient. He had quietly withdrawn him as much as possible from his dearly loved sittings in the library and scriptorium—for Ingulph would soon have made his darling pupil as accomplished in the arts of the penman and illuminator as he was himself; and though he never suffered him to mix alone with the novices, the youngest of whom were his elders by some years, yet he sent him, under the special care of one of his chaplains, or some other of the fraternity on whom he could implicitly trust, to be instructed in all such athletic exercises as the wide precincts of the abbey afforded space for, and in which all the younger brethren were permitted and encouraged to join, and which, indeed, at Rivesby formed a regular part of the monastic training.

It was a source of constant regret to his kind protector that the present apparent necessity for keeping his place of refuge unknown, if possible, to the household of Ladysmede, made it imprudent to take him as a companion in the frequent excursions to the distant manors and granges belonging to the abbey, which formed at once part of Abbot Martin's duties and his favorite relaxation; for the dull routine of the cloister life sometimes, it must be confessed, sat heavy on an active mind. He would gladly have had him thus acquire that practical skill in horsemanship (which he took care, however, should not be wholly untaught him within the abbey bounds), and at the same time have given mind and body the advantages of free range

of air and scene. Still, both promised to thrive well under this semi-conventual training; and the young face which now looked up into the abbot's had lost nothing of its intellectual beauty, while it had gained much in healthy color and firmness of contour. The somewhat quaint effect of his little monastic habit—for it had been judged more prudent to clothe him in the usual dress of the novitiate—was not ill-suited to the child's regular features and clear liquid eyes; and his friend the librarian, who possessed considerable skill in the higher branches of illumination, had twice endeavored surreptitiously to transfer a resemblance of his little favorite to the brilliant pages of a life of Saint Wolstan, which was being copied at that time with lavish ornament in the scriptorium. It could hardly be said that either attempt was successful; for the younger monks who were there employed always considered that the portraits were intended to represent the saint himself, who was never known to wash, and died in the odor of sanctity, at a hundred and fifteen years.

Wolfert the chaplain, who had been busy as usual near the window, laid down the figurative weapons with which he was busily mauling the obnoxious canons, and replied to Ingulph's modest knock. The boy sprang joyously forward, recognizing the familiar face, and welcomed the librarian cordially. The abbot could hardly have been found in happier mood. Ingulph humbly stated to his superior Cuthwin's strange request for an interview.

"The man hath a wild look about him, reverend father," said he, "which indeed is no great marvel, if his tale be true that he hath lived the life of a hunted wolf some three weeks past; he had done somewhat, if I caught his meaning rightly, to displeasure the knight of Ladysmede, his lawful lord and master, and deems he goes in peril of his life; wellnigh famished I may dare swear he was, for never did I see christened man swallow food so ravenously; but his wit is as sound, for aught I can see, as such churl's wits are like to be; and nothing will serve him but to see my lord abbot himself; having, as he professes, some tidings that may come to no other ears. The sub-prior, who was by, would have had him speak out, but the fellow said nay; and so I thought it but right to ask your worshipful pleasure in the matter."

"He is some bondman of Sir Godfrey, say you?"

"Is or was; for he swore with an unseemly oath, for which I rebuked him, that he would enter into bond with Sathanus—praying your reverence's pardon—rather than have to do with Sir Godfrey again."

"It were as well, perhaps, that I saw him, since he stands so much upon it," said the abbot; "bring him hither at once, if you will."

The monk bowed and retired. Wolfert also, at a sign from his superior, withdrew from the chamber, taking the boy with him. In a few minutes Ingulph returned and introduced the basketmaker, who had been subjected to some slight initiatory religious discipline in the way of ablution, and presented a less repulsive appearance than before.

The monk lingered at the door, and recounted again at greater length, for the abbot's information, all the particulars of his first meeting with Cuthwin. He had some hope that his presence might be required at the interview in the character of interpreter; for the peasant wore at first an air of stolid abashment which did not promise to make his communications very intelligible. He considered also that he had a lawful claim to a share in the forthcoming secret, such as it might be; and his honest face put on a look of disappointment and mortification when the superior signified to him a gracious permission to withdraw.

Left alone with the abbot, Cuthwin appeared to employ himself at first, as some animals will do under similar circumstances, in taking the exact relative bearings of the apartment and all its furniture, from the floor to the ceiling. The abbot wisely allowed him time to complete his investigations, and recover his self-possession as far as possible, merely expressing in a few brief words his pity for what he understood had been his sufferings.

"And you fear, even now, to go back within Sir Godfrey's reach?" said the abbot, judging that he would speak most readily of what concerned himself; "you would have me plead with the knight on your behalf, I doubt not—is it not so?" The errand which the man deemed of such importance might, he thought, after all, be no more than this.

"Curses light on him!" said Cuthwin, becoming eloquent in his excited recollection, and gathering courage from the cheer of the guest-hall, "he set his hands on my woman

yonder as she had been e'en a brock or a foulmart." (He had stolen back to his hut one dark and stormy night, and had an interview with Swytha.) "If ever I go nigh him or his again, may the—"

But the abbot raised a warning finger, and having had a lecture on language already that afternoon, he came to an abrupt stop, which was even more emphatic, and less objectionable.

"You wished to have speech of me, as I have been told," said the superior, satisfied that the peasant was now in full possession of all his powers of speech and comprehension; "speak if you will, honestly, and without fear."

"Have ye a child of Sir Godfrey's here among ye?" said Cuthwin in a cautious voice.

"Nay, friend," replied the abbot, "I thought to hear somewhat from thee; it were hardly my place to answer every wayfarer's questions. If that be all that I am called to hearken to, I trow it were as well for thee, having had food and drink, to go thy ways again."

Cuthwin regarded the speaker with a half-timid leer of low cunning; he saw, as he thought, that the abbot was fencing with him, and respected him the more for a diplomacy which just came within his own powers of moral appreciation. But in fact, though Abbot Martin did not choose to answer an interrogatory put in such a fashion from such a mouth, he had not the slightest thought of misleading his questioner, or engaging him in a contest of evasions. His suspicion at the moment was that Cuthwin was an emissary of Sir Godfrey's, who had procured admission into the monastery under pretence of seeking alms, and was now pursuing his inquiries with more zeal than shrewdness.

"Well," rejoined Cuthwin, "no offence, I beseech thee, father; they have lost him from Ladysmede—that much is certain, for there was stir enough made about it for awhile: whether ye have him or no, matters little to me; if all the breed were strangled, the earth were well rid of them. In case the imp be not amongst ye, what I have to say will concern your reverence but little; but the talk at Ladysmede is of making search here for him."

The abbot looked at his strange visitor to judge whether he was playing him false; but Cuthwin's features had resumed their usual

stolid apathy, and Abbot Martin was at best no keen reader of countenances.

"And how is it, friend," said he, "that you—a hunted fugitive as I hear—should be thus acquainted with Sir Godfrey's intentions?"

Then Cuthwin, taking courage at finding himself addressed as human flesh and blood—a mode of treatment little in fashion with such of his superiors as he had hitherto made acquaintance with—launched forth into a long and somewhat confused narrative. He had been lying hid in the swamp by the roadside when Sir Nicholas passed that day towards Willan's Hope; and the knight, diverging a little from the path, had ridden so close to his lurking-place, that when he suddenly stopped and called to his esquire to adjust some point that was wrong about his horse's gear, Cuthwin, not daring to move until they were gone, had overheard a conversation which had then passed between them. Dubois had told his master that he had now learnt for certain that it was Sir Godfrey's child whom he had seen at Rivilsby: he was surely there, he said, and from certain information which he had gained, he knew that he was in the abbot's charge, and lay in his chamber; and then Sir Nicholas had laughed for joy, and said that they would surely have the boy away on the morrow. And the squire asked, would it not be well to avoid all force, of which there should be no need? for it were easy enough for a trusty few to seek the abbot's chamber while he was feasting with his guests, and possess themselves of the lad without stir or difficulty. And so there had been more talk between them,—much that Cuthwin did not hear, and much that he did not understand or remember; but what he had learnt he had thought well to let the abbot know.

"There were thanks due for thy tidings and thy good-will," said the abbot, "could I only assure myself of thy good faith; but why one such as thee should so concern thyself in our matters—unless for some purpose of thine own—I confess I understand not."

"I had found a friend here in my need, father," said the basketmaker, blinking at the abbot with his restless eyes.

"True," replied the abbot, thoughtfully, scarcely satisfied.

"And I would go far to disappoint mine enemy," added the other, and the glance was steady for a moment, gleaming with malice.

"In that I dare swear thou hast said truly. I do not say I trust thee, but thou shalt remain in keeping here awhile—so will it be the safer, if thy tale be true, for all of us."

"I am well content," replied Cuthwin.

Abbot Martin summoned his chaplain from a neighboring chamber, and gave him charge to see the peasant safely bestowed but kindly treated. "And hearken, Wolfert," he added, "send Gaston the Angevin hither."

It was the name of a foreign monk, rude and illiterate, but who had served Abbot Martin in his earlier days, and was much in his confidence where simple obedience and fidelity were required.

"Harkye, Gaston," said he, when the monk made his appearance—"take a stout palfrey from my stable, to-morrow before daybreak, and carry the child Giulio—whom you will find ready here in my chamber—down to Morton Grange: abide there with him until I come or send this ring"—and he showed the signet on his finger—"and, I need not say, be silent and discreet."

If silence was a sure mark of discretion, the Angevin was the discreetest of henchmen; for he said no word in reply to the superior's charge, but made a low obeisance and withdrew.

#### CHAPTER XIII. CONFESSIONS.

WHAT Ingulph had said at Willan's Hope did not tend to diminish the interest with which either lady regarded their guest, whilst it served to relieve Elfhild's mind from those scruples of true courtesy which had as yet withheld her from entering upon any personal inquiries. In the conversation which followed between her and her niece, she was fertile in speculations upon a point which she now hoped soon to be able to solve in earnest. Gladice, on the other hand, had given up guessing, and was more than usually silent. Before they parted, both had come to a resolution in their own minds, which neither expressed in words to the other: the elder, to take the first favorable opportunity to obtain all such information from Isola as she might seem willing to give; and the younger, to avoid as far as possible any confidences which their guest showed any desire to bestow upon her. But the best and most deliberate human resolutions are liable to become the sport of very trifling circumstances. The exacting domestic cares of a large and hungry house-

hold—to which all interests ranked second in the eyes of Elfhild—engrossed that excellent lady's attention for the remainder of the day; Judith and her subordinates were fully occupied in clearing off some arrears of duty under the vigilant eye of their mistress; and Gladice—who, too willingly, it must be confessed, left the government of her little kingdom to any minister who would kindly take the responsibility—found herself the only person sufficiently disengaged to attend to Isola. She had thought to content herself with one or two brief visits of inquiry to the invalid's chamber; for she felt that she was awkward and embarrassed in her attempts at conversation; but the melancholy face lighted up with such a glowing smile at her approach, and seemed to watch her departure with such a regretful gaze, that Gladice's kind heart was not proof against what she interpreted into a silent pleading for companionship, and she felt that she could not leave the stranger alone through the long evening. She therefore carried with her up to the chamber that innocent falsehood, her embroidery-frame, and seated by the narrow eyelet which served there for a window, it supplied her with at least ostensible occupation and some excuse for silence. Isola indeed showed no inclination to trouble her much with conversation; and after a very few words had passed at intervals, had closed her eyes, and seemed to sleep. Gladice's thoughts also soon wandered to the land of dreams; and forgetting for the moment that she was not alone, she let her needle fall, leaving the flower, which she had twice unpicked, to grow, if it would, in its own rebellious way, and began, as her habit was, to sing to herself in a low, rich voice. But her song, whether in unison with her own feelings, or from an unconscious sympathy with the sleeper, was not so gay as usual. It was a chant which she had heard the nuns of Michamstede sing at their vespers; she had readily caught the sweet and simple melody, and no one could have found it in their hearts to be over-critical about the Latin words. She had continued it for some minutes, when she started at recollecting where she was, and turning hurriedly to remark whether her companion was still sleeping, saw that her eyes were open, though they were not turned on her, and that they were ready to overflow with tears. She had ceased her singing so suddenly that Isola could not fail to under-

stand the cause, though the singer tried to appear unconscious of her emotion.

"Why did you stop?" said Isola, mastering her tears, and turning to Gladice with an attempt to smile.

"Did it soothe you?" asked Gladice, without meeting her glance; "I will begin again."

And with a less steady voice—for she was unused to sing for others—she resumed the chant as she bent again over her needle.

"That is not an English melody," said the stranger gently, after listening for awhile in silence.

"Is it not?" said Gladice; "it is very beautiful; at least you could hardly fail to think it so, if you had heard it sung as I did." And she explained to her listener where she had learned it.

"I know it well," said Isola, turning her face from her; "it is an Italian chant. I have sung it myself—very, very often."

Her companion would willingly have let the conversation drop, but she felt obliged to make some kind of reply. "I should have bethought me," she said with a smile, "before I was so free to essay my poor remembrance of it; they say that your country is the land of song."

"Do not refuse me for a country-woman," Isola replied: "I said that I was half of English blood; the only parent I can remember was my sweet English mother; and I speak your language—or I have been falsely told—as well as one born in the land. It may very well be so, for I heard little else spoken in my infancy. And it seems to me now—forgive me for what I say—when I close my eyes and listen while you speak, as if I had woken from some hideous dream, to find myself a little child once more, and hear my mother's English voice! Would God that it could be!" She turned her face away again, and made no effort now to restrain or to conceal her tears.

Gladice could but try to soothe her with some kindly words, though she persuaded herself that they were grave and formal. Perhaps the voice was kinder than the words; perhaps the ear upon which they fell had been too little used of late to any tones of kindness; or perhaps the quick southern blood that mingled in the stranger's veins overbore with its impetuous current the common barriers of reserve.

"I have not known how to thank you," said Isola, raising herself from her couch and dashing away her tears, and breaking into that rapid and impassioned utterance which was almost the only trace of her foreign birth and education—"I can never thank you—for all your generous kindness—and even more, for the noble silence which has been content to ask no questions, and to think no evil. Such only comes out of the depths of pure hearts; I had not thought there were such angel spirits upon earth!"

Gladice had almost involuntarily risen from her task, and seated herself on the side of the couch, and Isola had thrown her arm round her.

"You must have been indeed unhappy, then," she replied, "if common kindness seems so strange." And for the first time she took the stranger's hand.

"I would tell you something of my story," said Isola; "something of my sin and of my punishment—lest you should think me even more unworthy than I am."

"I seek to know nothing," said Gladice hastily, and half-rising; "nor have I judged you harshly, even in thought; if you have sinned as you say, God forgive you! we only know that you are in distress."

"Nay," pleaded Isola beseechingly, "let me speak now, if only for my own sake; I have borne my burden very long alone, and thought to have borne it still; but your kindness—it has stirred feelings in my heart which have been still for years. I have borne scorn when I deserved it not, because I was too proud to speak; and honor when I deserved it less,—a harder thing to bear; but now I feel that I *must* speak—this once!"—for Gladice gave no token of encouragement—"and I will trouble you no more! to you I can speak as I could not even to that good priest!"

"My aunt, the Lady Elfheld—" Gladice began, in a colder voice, and with something of confused dignity.

"Oh no!—to you, to you! Surely She to whom I pray daily—nightly—hourly, when, sinner that I am, I dare not pray to God—has heard me, and sent you to save me from myself."

Still Gladice made no response.

"Lady!" said the other, in an altered tone, removing her passionate clasp from Gladice's

hand and turning half away, while the color flushed crimson to her temples—"I am not what you think me!"

"No! no!" cried Gladice, catching her hand again, and speaking with an imploring eagerness strongly contrasted with her former embarrassed tone—"I did not mean—I did not think—what am I in the sight of Heaven, that I should judge others? Forgive me if I have pained you for an instant! But I have been used to live much alone, and I could not—at least I think I could not—open my own heart to any one: it seemed to me, therefore, as if I had no right to listen—and I could give you no help; but you shall tell me anything—every thing—what you will, if it will be any comfort to you!"

It would have been hard to resist the earnest voice, harder still the entreating eyes which now sought confidence and forgiveness.

"Yes," said Isola quietly, without raising her eyes—"I said it was right that you should listen to me; I would be thought neither better nor worse than I am. Right glad would I have been to have carried with me, when I go hence, your love—your esteem; but not even this, if I must wear a mask for it—never that again!" She paused for a moment; her listener only pressed her hand.

"There needs not to trouble you with much of my early life. I have told you I never knew my father; but he was an Italian gentleman of good descent. My mother was English; he had met with her, as I remember to have heard, when he was sent upon some mission to the court of your King Stephen. Well—she too died soon; and we were left alone in the world, my brother and I; young, and I suppose poor. He always said that our inheritance was seized unjustly by our kinsmen. I cannot tell—but we were young, as I said, and poor. We were both given to the Church—a worthless gift, made in a selfish spirit; let some share of the guilt, therefore, lie upon those who made it! So I grew up in the cloister life, which I was taught to look forward to as my home forever. And so it might have been; and a peaceful and sinless home at least, if not a happy one—but for one thing. There was a friend of my father's, an Italian lady of the pure blood, as they call it, but poor like ourselves; and for that reason, perhaps she was the only friend we had. While I was little more than a child, I was allowed often to visit her, and I

loved her very much. In my novitiate I was still allowed the same permission, for the rule of our house was scarce so strict as some. At last the day came when I was to make my last profession. I said I could have been happy enough to have embraced the cloister forever, but for one thing—must I needs say what it was? or—"

"Nay," said Gladice, coloring and half smiling—"leave it unsaid."

"The day came," continued the Italian, "and I had miserable conflicts with myself; I had to vow myself, body and spirit, to Heaven, when I knew and felt that I had staked all my hopes and thoughts upon—upon earth! but they were thoughts and hopes I dared not breathe to others—not even to her who had become almost a second mother to me. I hardly confessed them even to myself. I strove—our Holy Mother knows how sore and earnestly I strove!—to master my own rebellious feelings, to submit myself patiently to the lot which seemed appointed for me; but it was of no avail. Could I vow with my lips to 'follow Heaven with my whole heart,' when my whole heart was given to a creature of earth? Should I have done it?"

"No," said Gladice in a low voice, when she found her companion waited for her reply.

"But," said Isola, "still it was no more than my own wayward fancy—he had never spoken! what could I say? what could I plead for not taking the veil?" Gladice was silent.

"I did not take it," continued Isola; "I fled—fled to the only friend I had, and she protected me, and would not have my will forced. And then another spoke; and he was kind and noble, and my kinswoman loved him, and would have had me wed him; and then what was I to do? for remember, he of whom I told you was gone now, and had said no word; and all men against me, one poor helpless girl. Here was the choice laid before me—a husband, or the cloister; and my heart far, far away from both—which was I to choose?"

"Neither!" said Gladice, her lips set, and her eyes flashing—"neither!"

"Nay, but, sweet lady, what could I do!"

"I know not," said Gladice impatiently—"not that!"

"Ay," said the other, looking at her with a mournful admiration, as the indignant color

mounted just high enough to enhance her beauty, while the eye burnt and the whole luxuriant form panted with courageous pride—"truly and bravely said! and, I do verily believe, brave and true you would be in deed as in word! God grant you be never tried! But alas, I was too weak—I chose the cloister."

"Well," said Gladice, breathing somewhat easier,—"it was the better choice."

"To make myself a living lie! to vow my heart, my thoughts, my hopes to Heaven, when my whole soul was sick with a love such as, in your colder island, you may be thankful if you never know."

"Yet it was a northern maiden, in the lay, that was found floating dead in the charmed boat for the love which she had never told."

"Is it even so?" asked the Italian, looking down into her companion's face;—"but let me hasten on with my wretched story. I took this lying vow upon my lips—it was best, you say—I thought it so then; and so it might have been, but—as a punishment, it might be, for my false oath to God—he came again; once, and only once, we met, and I broke my vow. I fled with the man I loved—but as his wedded wife, remember! Ay, start as you well may—I, the sworn bride of Christ, become an adulteress to an earthly passion! That has been my crime, vile and black in mine own sight now as ever! and yet so blind am I, I know not at this moment which was the greatest falsehood and the deadliest sin,—the making the vow, or the breaking of it!"

"God forgive you!" said Gladice earnestly; "you were sorely tried."

"I was, I was! and I strove hard, and prayed long; but of what use was it? My heart had been full of that one thought even while I spoke those awful words of profession. I had nursed it in the cloister, like a despair; it seemed so hopeless that I forgot the sin; and now it had overmastered me, body and soul; what help could Heaven itself give me?" She hid her face again, and her whole frame shuddered with the agony of remembrance.

"And afterwards," said Gladice, feeling that the truest relief would be to lead her to continue her story,—"your wedded life, I fear, has not been happy?"

"Happy!" exclaimed the other bitterly—"was it fit that it should be? No—even in

my worst folly, I never hoped or dreamed that. Whenever was peace or happiness born of falsehood? Why should man value the truth which has been broken to God? A few short weeks of feverish, painful joy—no happiness; a few months more of wretched wandering, coldness, and neglect; and then—as was but just—he left me, for whom I had left God. Yes, lady, it was even so; and if it were only so, I might have borne it, and been thankful that my sin had so early found me out; but there was another, too, who fell in my fall—my brother, my poor Giacomo—; but I have told you all that needed to be known; that which touches others I must not tell, and it were idle for you to hear. Oh! but you would needs pity me, sinful as I am, did you only know half the agony of my thoughts sometimes! and of late more than all in my weakness. I have had—whether waking or dreaming, I cannot rightly tell—evil spirits chanting in my ears the words of the vows that have been made and broken, and rejoicing over the souls which I have given them!"

"Nay, nay," said Gladice, taking both her hands in hers, and seeking to calm her agitation—"It is not so—you do but dream—such fancies as I have heard come oftentimes with fever, and will pass away as you gain strength—think no more of them." Yet she felt herself tremble as she spoke.

"You have not asked me yet," said her companion, looking up, what it was that brought me hither?"

"I do not care to ask, or to know; I think perhaps it was she to whom you pray so often."

"Ah! no," replied Isola, shaking her head and coloring again, though the kind words awoke a faint smile of pleasure on her face for a moment; "alas! it was the old madness still; I came with the hope to find him, and look on him once more, if only to be scorned again. I know that it is weakness, miserable weakness, but it is my life—and it is not sin now; there is but one vow left me henceforth to keep, even if I would; and though it be all they tell me—mad, self-willed, unwomanly—I am not wicked in this; you would not tell me so!"

The reply which Gladice would have made was interrupted by the voice of her tirewoman Bertha, requesting admission to her young mistress.

"An it please you, dear Lady Gladice," said Bertha, after a respectful obeisance to both, "your presence is desired below."

"Pray thee spare me now, good Bertha," said Gladice, forcing herself to smile gaily, though there were tears upon her cheek; "what mighty business is there afoot, which cannot be compassed without my poor wit? Go—say what is the truth, that I am preparing a sleeping-draught for this our guest, who has been overwearied and restless, and that I would fain watch here a while." And she moved towards the small table on which were disposed all Dame Elfhild's approved medicaments. But the tirewoman still lingered in the chamber, casting hesitating looks towards the couch on which Isola lay.

"It was the Lady Elfhild bid me seek you," she said; "there are guests newly arrived, and her company will hardly content them."

"Who is it?" Gladice asked, turning her face aside for a moment from Bertha's meaning glance.

"Sir Nicholas le Hardi hath ridden from Ladysmede.

Bertha spoke slowly and distinctly, for she wished to attach some importance to her words, and she was watching their effect upon her young mistress with kindly interest. But on this point she had no opportunity of satisfying herself. The words had been heard by another. Isola had started up with a sharp, sudden cry, and grasped Gladice's arm convulsively. Bertha was alarmed, and hurried to her assistance, quite unconscious that she herself had been in any way the cause of the stranger's emotion. Gladice was startled also, and looked in Isola's face with inquiring wonder, doubtful whether her exclamation arose from a sudden spasm of pain, or from some fancied terror of a fevered body and over-excited mind. With an effort at calmness, while her grasp of the arm she held tightened even to pain, the Italian whispered—"He has found me, then!"

"Who? what?" cried Gladice hurriedly, not sure that in the troubled gleam of the other's eyes she did not read insanity, yet looking eagerly to catch her next words.

Isola drew a long sigh, and closed her eyes again.

"What did you say?" repeated her companion.

"One moment—and I will tell you all." The tone was calm enough; Gladice was the

most agitated now. "It was he of whom I spoke but now—my husband."

The words were spoken very low, but they were plain to understand. Her listener stooped for a moment over the couch and whispered—"Hush!" Then she rose, and busied herself for a few seconds in adjusting the cushions upon which the sick stranger leaned. When she turned round, she said to her attendant in a quiet voice, "Go, Bertha! did I not say that I had no leisure now? say to mine aunt that I am needed here: the lady, as you see, is suffering—I cannot leave her."

The tirewoman's ears, as Dame Elfhild many times complained, were none of the sharpest, nor were her mental perceptions the most acute. She had withdrawn a little distance, and the few words which she had caught of what had passed between the others, had only served to convey to her mind a confused and alarmed notion of what she had before suspected, that the poor lady's intellect was disturbed. But she could not help noticing the unusual pallor on her young mistress' face; and, anxious not to leave her to deal with such a responsibility alone, begged her permission to remain in the chamber.

"Leave us, Bertha!—did you not hear me?"

Never had her gentle lady spoken to her so sternly. Humbled and wondering, the poor girl hastily withdrew.

Then Gladice, no longer an unwilling listener, but pale and eager, sought from her guest a full explanation of her last words.

"Sir Nicholas le Hardi—tell me," she said, "are you his wife?"

"I am, I am, Heaven help me! He knows I am! His by all the vows with which holy church could bind us! He may deny it; but, lady, I speak the truth—do you not believe me?" She looked into Gladice's face, and started at what she thought she read there. "What know you of him?" she asked abruptly, with an eager, frightened look.

"Nothing, I might almost say; he is a guest with my kinsman Sir Godfrey, of whom you have heard us speak. I know nought beside." She spoke calmly, but her face was hidden from Isola's interrogating gaze. Both were silent for a while; then it was the Italian who spoke.

"Yes—he is my husband; how I love him, I have told you: I have left friends, crossed seas, trampled on my woman's pride, borne scorn from whom it was hardest to bear—all to look on him once more—only to look on him—for he hates me. I do verily fear," she said, shuddering, "that my life were hardly safe were I in his power alone. Now I have told you all, and truly, so may God forgive my sin! And you—what have you to tell me?"

"Nothing!" said Gladice, raising herself erect, and throwing back the mass of overshadowing hair that had escaped its bounds as she stooped over the sufferer's couch, while she looked straight into the other's eyes with a high-flushed cheek, and a glance that seemed almost defiant—"Nothing!"

Anxiously and searchingly Isola looked into those truthful eyes. The color mounted higher and higher, but the steadfast look never quailed again. Gradually the Italian's gaze softened into a loving, trustful smile, as she took both Gladice's hands in her own.

"He is my husband," she gently said again; "you will forgive me?"

"Forgive you?"—and Gladice bent her head down upon the hands that still clasped hers, and pressed her hot lips upon them for a moment. If tears dropped there, they were Isola's.

"You will not betray me," said she, with an appealing look to Gladice: "he will not know that I am here?"

"Be sure he shall not," said Gladice, her head still bent—"you are safe with us. But you must rest now," she continued, as she lifted her face again, grave and calm—"I will leave you for a while."

As she passed out of the chamber-door she met Bertha, who had again been dispatched in search of her.

The poor tirewoman had never been so embarrassed by conflicting duties. She could not disobey Dame Elfield, in whom was vested the chief authority *de facto* in the household; and she would not have vexed her dear young mistress for the world.

"Indeed, sweet Lady Gladice," she began in a humble, deprecating tone, "I was bound to seek you again, chide me as you may, for Sir Nicholas"—

"Say I will come; I do but go to bind mine hair."

Bertha would have followed to tender as-

sistance as usual. "Nay, go, dear Bertha—I do not need any help; say that I will wait on them presently."

Bertha was neither keen nor clever; but she was a woman, and she looked after her young mistress, as she turned away, with wondering and sorrowful eyes.

Grave and pale, but never in more commanding beauty, the Lady Gladice, after her brief toilet, walked into the solar where sat her good kinswoman doing her best to make the long minutes of delay pass lightly to the impatient Crusader. He seemed to have little himself to tell this morning, and had not been listening, it is to be feared with quite so much interest as courtesy demanded, to certain incidents of the lady's own days of conquest. But his dark brow cleared as he glanced rapidly at the opening door by which the maiden entered. He rose to greet her with a courtesy graceful as his wont, and, if it could be, even more respectful. In part, it might be intentional; but there was an indefinite majesty about Gladice's presence at that moment which would have in itself forbidden any more presumptuous greeting. It was no longer the rich maturity of woman's loveliness which tempted passionate admiration in every delicate tint and rounded line; it was the pale proud beauty of a marble Juno, living and moving, with a Madonna's features. Before it, the bold gallant of the camp and court, the practised man of the world, in whose breast the fire of youth burnt hardly less fiercely than they were tempered by the craft of ripened years, stood chastened into an involuntary reverence.

She received the Crusader's homage as a queen might have done, with the stately graciousness which repels rather than encourages; and though he took a seat almost close beside her, she was as far aloof from him as an angel. He sought to win her attention, as before, by the wealth of converse upon almost every subject which he was wont to have so readily at command; but he felt a spell upon him, and his tongue had lost its cunning. He tried a lighter tone; a softly worded jest, a delicately veiled hint of flattery; but he bit his lip with vexation as the words fell forced and dead even upon his own ear, for Gladice's face wore no answering smile. He bent his eyes there inquiringly, again and again; and though his natural temper was bitter and impatient, there was a tenderness in the re-

proachful look too real to be a mere stratagem in the warfare of courtship. The eyes which he sought did not always shrink from his; but when he met them, they hardly seemed the same as those in which he had so often looked before, in whose soft depths a mighty unawakened love had seemed always sleeping. Their brightness had borrowed something of the fabled power of the dead Gorgon. It conquered him; for it chilled his passion, and unnerved his self-command. Even Elshild, who had been obliged to maintain a far larger share in the conversation than she had found necessary on former occasions, and who had shot a meaning look at her niece from time to time to rebuke her for her unreasonable silence, found her own keen glance quail before the intensity of Gladice's expression, which puzzled and alarmed her. But love, as the elderly maiden supposed, was in its normal state a chaos of inexplicable contradictions; nothing dismayed, therefore, and feeling that a double duty was required of her, she continued to talk to both with great fertility of words and with the best intentions. At last the Crusader seemed to rally his spirit, and spoke in an easier and lighter tone. His jests grew bolder, his language of compliment more decided, his laugh rang louder and gayer, though he addressed himself oftener to Elshild than to Gladice; and the elder lady began to congratulate herself on having infused a very desirable cheerfulness into at least one of their little party. If the jest had sometimes now more meaning in it than was suited to modern maiden's ear, it would have

seemed purity itself on the lips of Sir Godfrey or his departed friend Sir Amyas; and Elshild had been too much used to such society to affect to be over-prudish in such points. If his eye assumed a somewhat free and defiant look as it rested from time to time upon Gladice, Elshild did not seem to notice it; and if a slight flush tinged for an instant the paleness of the maiden's cheek, and showed that she was conscious of his changed demeanor, the knight might have read—and he did—in the haughty lip and the indignant eye which answered his, not so much shame, as scorn and counter-defiance. Maintaining this new tone awhile, until he had fully recovered his ground in his own estimation, at length Sir Nicholas rose to take his leave. Yet, as at parting he took Gladice's scarcely offered hand, and, bending low, raised it to his lips with grave and respectful courtesy, he said some few words in a low voice, in his old tone, and watched her face for an answer with no freedom in his look. Slight, abrupt words they were, to which only a look and a tone could give cohesion or meaning. Yet possibly, had they been spoken but an hour ago, to the ear which alone heard them, they might have had a wondrous eloquence. But she made no other answer than one of those fixed, searching looks from which he had half shrank before, and the cold hand struggled out of his grasp. Again the evil, defiant glance, this time with something of a fierce meaning in it, came up into Le Hardi's face; but Gladice did not notice it; almost before the door had closed upon him, she too had left the chamber.

**THE SORROW OF A DEAF AND DUMB FATHER.**—Mr. Bachus, editor of the *Canajoharie Radii*, is a deaf mute, and thus adds new claims to sympathy in a sorrow he himself touchingly tells:—

"We cannot this week fill our usual column—every time hitherto, before this, that we have sat in the old place, to the now regularly recurring duty, we have had dear little fingers rambling along our knees, or making stray snatches at the paper. A little face, all lit with happy eyes, bo-peeping into ours. A little head, nodding as it shook its curls, a mock "by-by, papa," and turning back again to the sweet childish teasing. But, now, alas! the little fingers are no longer here; the little eyes are dim with a

dimness that shall never know their lustre again, and the little curls are yonder, beneath that sod that gleams so greenly beneath the trees and the glimmering white tombstone."

**MR. BAYLE ST. JOHN.**—The second son of Mr. James Augustus St. John, the well-known author and journalist, died 30 July, at his residence at St. John's wood, being about thirty-five years of age. He had at an early age distinguished himself in literature as the author of the "Levantine Family," "Purple Tints of Paris," and the novel of "Maretimo." His last work was one of considerable learning and research—on Montaigne. His ability was even more greatly displayed in journalism, and his knowledge of foreign politics was remarkable.

From The Examiner.

THE LIBERAL PARTY IN FRANCE.

THE publication of a French organ of opinion in London affords us a means of judging of the position of the liberal party in France, which the restrictions imposed upon the French press have hitherto prevented us from acquiring. The work in question, which bears the title of the *Revue Indépendante*,\* appears in the form of a monthly magazine, devoted to Politics, Philosophy, Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts,—the political category consisting of articles by writers of distinction,—who, however, contribute anonymously,—and the remainder being under the direction of M. Gustave Masson, Professor of Literature at Harrow School. In the opening number of this periodical, which was published on the 1st of July, we find three articles of more than common interest. The first of these, in the shape of a letter to the editor, treats of a movement which is gradually making progress in France towards a better understanding between parties of all shades of opinion, which, setting personal considerations aside, occupies itself with the permanent interests of the country, with the constitution of society, with the organization of power, and with the necessary guarantees for liberty; and the writer of the letter is hopeful of the result. The second article, on the recent loan of the five hundred millions of francs for the Italian war, shows very clearly that the enormous sum subscribed, nearly five times as much as was required, was neither caused by national enthusiasm, by confidence—save in the credit of the State—nor even by a condition of real prosperity, but had its motive in the desire of the smaller capitalists to obtain for their money an interest exceeding five per cent. The third article is "On the Liberal Party of France," and from that we make the following extracts:—

With the exception of a few recruits who have joined the Imperial camp,—such as MM. de la Rochejaquin, de Pastoret, Barthe, Dupin, de Cormenin, Billault, and one or two others,—the writer contends that there has been no swerving from their opinions on the part of the liberal chiefs.

"Amongst them (he says) there has been no defection, no falling off; what they thought in their day of triumph they think still after their defeat, and these thoughts they have

never ceased to express; not, as formerly, from the tribune, which is interdicted to them, nor in the public journals, which can no longer be their organs, but in the familiar conversations of every day, conversations moderate without weakness, and free without bravado; but which have not been without echo or effect. How many indirect threats have been made, how many artful flatteries employed during the last eight years to break up a union which, notwithstanding every effort, remains firm and entire. The honor of this loyal resistance belongs equally to all the fractions of the old parliamentary phalanx. Servants of the elder branch of the Bourbons, partisans of the house of Orleans, founders of the republic of 1848, all the men who have played a great part in our deliberative assemblies, and defended, each from his own point of view, the cause of public liberty and constitutional right, still profess in common an equal attachment to the same doctrines.

France, the same writer continues, is divided into two camps; in the provinces as well as in Paris the singular spectacle is offered of two opposing forces holding each other in check. After setting forth by what unworthy means the Government recruits its forces, he says:

"On the one hand the representatives of government armed at all points, and powerful over the multitudes whom they rule, but without authority over men's conscience, without influence over men's intelligence, and inwardly suffering from the ill-disguised sense of their inferiority; on the other, a certain number of men of note, former peers, deputies, members of the last republican assemblies, high functionaries who voluntarily resigned their employments, men of study keeping purposely aloof,—a group somewhat differing in origin, a combination of minds certainly more disdainful than offensive, too careless, in our opinion, of active influence and useful intervention in public affairs, but surrounded by respect and general consideration, the natural counsellors of our country, counsellors, it is true, who have been slightly forgotten, but whose advice would alone be sought when the day arrives for again placing confidence in some one person or thing. Such, we believe, taking it altogether, since the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, is the situation of the French liberal party, as opposed to the Government founded in 1852."

Time, however, observes the writer, some recent events, and particularly the war which has just broken out, have gradually wrought certain modifications in this attitude, which, without being essential, require to be noticed.

"When Napoleon the Third seized the

\* London: W. Jeffs, 15 Burlington arcade.

dicatorship by the *coup de main* which dissolved the National Assembly, and when, at a later period, he appealed to the people to decree him the Imperial crown, he encountered only divided adversaries. From 1848 to 1852 the former ministerialists and the former dynastic opposition to the Government of 1830 had alone found time to effect a certain degree of fusion, reconciled compulsorily by the hard lesson of their sudden and common shipwreck. Between the Legitimists and the Orleanists, between the Royalists of the two branches and the Republicans of 1848, the divisions had been much wider; longer trials, experienced side by side, were necessary, gradually to appease mistrusts so tenacious and of such old date; and in the outset some untimely efforts unfortunately delayed a union so desirable. The old Parliamentary parties could scarcely believe in the duration of a despotic empire in France. They readily imagined that the new *régime* would fall quickly and by its own fault; they were both less eager to work for its fall than occupied in making sure of the expected succession. Instead of practically agreeing upon the incidents of the day, which was by no means an impossibility, several important personages in the two monarchical camps expended their energy in solving beforehand amongst themselves certain arduous questions that should have been reserved for the future alone, and the settlement of which was not imposed upon them. This laborious toil was necessarily abandoned before they had gained the

concurrence of those even whom it was sought to re-unite; but not without having momentarily excited the suspicions of the Republicans. It is a singular fact that since the two Royalist factions no longer speak of official treaties to be concluded and precise arrangements to be subscribed, they have felt that their mutual understanding has become far easier; and the men of 1848, satisfied that the destinies of the country are not to be disposed of without them, have in their turn drawn closer to the Royalists. This fusion has not been brought about by deliberate consultation, but by decree and without premeditation. No one can especially boast of having been the agent to effect it. It has been provoked by the insupportable continuance of a degrading tyranny which weighs alike on all. Equality of suffering, by prolongation, has created a community of resistance. Bent beneath the same yoke, subjected to the same outrages, it could not be but sooner or later every generous mind should mingle their sorrows, their hatreds, and even their hopes! The force of things led of itself to this result; but, as commonly happens in political affairs, it is the governing power which, by its own faults, has come to the assistance of its enemies. The violent acts of the Imperial Government after the attempt of Orsini have raised the last barriers which still separated the different sections of the liberal party, and their complete reconciliation dates from the publication of the law of general safety.

**RELIGIOUS AWAKENING AMONG THE TURKS.**—We are indebted to a friend for the following information respecting a religious movement observable more or less in different parts of the Turkish Empire:—

"We had a few days ago very interesting intelligence from the interior of the country.

"A certain number of Mussulman tribes inhabiting the country between Erzeroum and Trebizond (about 20,000 people), who appear to have been Greeks (Christians) once, and forced to turn Mahometans three hundred years ago, have addressed the Sultan, asking him permission to become Christians. The Sultan granted their request by a *firman*. About one thousand of them joined the Greek Church. The remainder are undecided, and have applied to the Protestant missionaries for preachers and schools, and say they cannot go to the Greek Church as it is not the church of their traditions.

"The movement among the Turks begins to

be most powerful everywhere. Here in Smyrna it began to manifest itself. What is most astonishing is the *fanatics* thus far do not say any thing more than 'it is *kismet*' (destiny). It awes one to witness God's power displayed in such a manner on dried bones."

Another letter, dated March 12th, 1859, says: "Most astonishing things occur every day among the Turks in the interior. A short time ago, after a judicial trial against some Armenian Protestants on account of their new opinions, the Pasha of — called them in private, and told them to fear nothing, but 'not to work with axe and pick, which make noise—only to bore into people's minds with a screw.' He then asked them to give religious instruction to his only son. There would be no end of anecdote-telling in this respect. The Turkish converts are all very bold; they fear neither poverty, shame, nor death, and realize the words, 'Rejoice always.'"—*Calendar*.

From The Saturday Review.

DEAN TRENCH'S SELECT GLOSSARY.\*

WE are always well pleased to see another of those small volumes whose look, at the first glimpse, pronounces them to be something new from the pen of Dean Trench. The Dean fills a position of his own in English literature—a position both highly honorable and highly useful. He is a first-rate English scholar. By this we mean that he has in a high degree that sort of knowledge of English which a good Greek scholar has of the language of ancient Greece. Such a scholar need not be a profound philologer. We do not think Dean Trench is one. When he attempts the higher philology he often shows that it is not exactly his forte. But he displays a wonderful knowledge of English literature of every age and of every kind since the English language assumed any thing like its present form. And he has not only read the books, but he has thought about the language. He has marked every change in usage which has taken place in the course of successive centuries. And a similar knowledge of other languages, both ancient and modern, supplies him with abundant stores for etymology and analogy. Scholarship of this kind, if something different from scientific philology, is yet more different from a mere empirical knowledge of a spoken language, or even from that heavy kind of scholarship which cannot get beyond an occasional emendation in the text of a particular author. In this department of his own Dean Trench stands quite univalued. And his power of communicating knowledge is fully equal to the value of the knowledge which he has gathered together. His works are always no less pleasant than profitable. If they have any fault, it is an over tendency to moralizing. The Dean is rather too fond of finding a moral lesson in the changes of meaning in words at different times. This is a sort of thing of which one may easily have too much, and which moreover often leads the writer into needless subtleties.

Dean Trench thinks that, as the number of those who receive a classical education is diminishing—at any rate proportionately diminishing—a substitute must be sought in

the more accurate study of our own tongue. We suppose the Dean is speaking of those who learn no language at all but their own. Otherwise, though no tongue can ever fully supply the place of Greek, yet much would be gained if modern foreign languages were better taught than they commonly are. A man who has learned German and French has the means, if he chooses to use them, of gaining considerable insight into the history of English. German especially, as an original language with a real grammar, might be so taught as, in some slight degree, to serve as a substitute for Greek. But foreign languages are commonly taught in such a wretched empirical way as to supply no mental discipline whatever. Germans learn English, and Englishmen learn German, without the faintest notion of the real analogies and differences between the two languages. For instance, that certain letters in one language answer, as an almost invariable rule, to certain letters in the other, is a piece of knowledge not vouchsafed to one learner in a hundred. We speak especially of German, as an original language, and one cognate with our own. As for the French tongue, its history is one of the most curious things in the whole history of language, but one who has not learned Latin can hardly learn French in any but an empirical way. But as the Dean introduces, in his present book less reference than usual to foreign languages, whether ancient or modern, we suppose he wishes to show how great materials for thought and mental discipline are supplied by the existing English tongue only. For the same reason it is, doubtless, that he does not carry his present inquiry further back than to the times when English first began to assume its present shape. We do not think he quotes any writer earlier than Wickliffe. English of an earlier date is, in fact, a matter of philology rather than of scholarship. Historically the same speech, it is practically another tongue.

The Dean's present book consists of specimens of English words which have changed their meaning—supported, of course, by quotations showing the meanings which have gone out of use. He does not put it forth as exhaustive, but merely as a selection which may lead others to carry on the study for themselves. He tells us in his preface—

“ My purpose being rather to arouse curiosity than fully to gratify it, to lead others

\* *A Select Glossary of English Words used formerly in different senses from their present.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1859.

themselves to take note of changes and to account for them, rather than to take altogether this pleasant labor out of their hands, and to do for them what they could more profitably do for themselves, I have consciously left much of the work undone, even as unconsciously, no doubt, I have left a great deal more. At the same time, it has not been mere caprice which has induced the particular selection of words which has been actually made. Various motives, but in almost every case such as I could give account of to myself, have ruled this selection. Sometimes the past use of a word has been noted and compared with the present as usefully exercising the mind in tracing minute differences and fine distinctions: or, again, as helpful to the understanding of earlier authors, and likely to deliver the readers of them from misapprehensions into which they might very easily fall; or once more, as opening out a curious chapter in the history of manners, or as involving some interesting piece of history, or some singular superstition: or again, as witnessing for the good or for the evil which have been unconsciously at work in the minds and hearts of those who insensibly have modified in part or changed altogether the meaning of some word; or, lastly, or more generally, as illustrating well under one aspect or another those permanent laws which are everywhere affecting and modifying human speech."

Words change their meaning in various ways. Sometimes they change in an imperceptible kind of way which it would not be easy to explain, any more than we can explain why pronunciation alters—why, of two kindred tongues starting from the same point, one keeps one sound and one another, why one retains a word in one sense and another in a quite different one. "Knecht" and "Knight" are originally the same in sound and in meaning, and it is easy to trace the steps by which they reached their present diversity; but it is not so easy to give the why or the wherefore of each stage of the process. Changes like these are part of the philological history of several languages. They take place, as we may say, naturally, though in different directions. Some words get a wider, some a narrower meaning—some rise in the world, others fall. Quite another class are the foreign imported words, of which the last two centuries have given us so many. Of these, many were really wanted, others are mere affectation. For abstract and technical words of all sorts we must draw upon other languages. One of the most lasting

and one of the worst results of the Norman Conquest has been that we can no longer freely create and compound words in our own tongue, like our fellow-Teutons on the Continent. But besides these necessary evils, heaps of French and Latin words, or what would fain be taken for French and Latin words, have been poured in upon us without the slightest need. The language of Sir Thomas Browne and the language of a modern penny-a-liner can neither of them be called Teutonic; each writes in a Romance dialect of his own making. It is some little comfort to see that words of both these kinds almost always lose their meaning. They come in originally as technical or quasi-technical terms, and scholars are content to use them in their right places. Then those who are not scholars seize upon them because they do not know their meaning, and therefore think them finer than those words whose meanings they do know. "Individual," according to Johnson, is an adjective. He knows nothing of it as a substantive; but its substantive use often supplies a real need when we want to speak in a marked way of a single person as opposed to a corporation or a commonwealth. But "individual" has five syllables, while "man" has only one; therefore, hundreds of talkers and writers speak of an "individual," when no real special opposition is thought of, and when they simply mean a "man." "Party" is a good word enough when we are talking of a lawsuit, or of any thing which an easy metaphor can regard as such. But "party" is used by a vast number of Englishmen simply as the translation of *homo*. "Party," luckily, is still a vulgarism, but honorable and right honorable persons talk about "individuals." "Residence" is a word good enough in a sort of technical and official sense. A clergyman "resides" on his living. The Cabinet Minister has an official "residence" in Downing-street. But we suppose that half our newspaper writers, if called on to make a German dictionary, would translate "Haus" by "residence," and "wohnen" by "to reside." Nothing is enough for an individual, but some things may be sufficient. The individual never speaks of a thing, he always alludes to it. He is never drunk, but he is sometimes inebriated. He is never naked, but he is sometimes in a state of nudity. He is the owner of nothing, but he may be a

proprietor to any amount. He would not confess to being poor, but he may have only limited means, or he may find himself in reduced circumstances. He is never a tradesman or a farmer, but he is often engaged in commercial or agricultural pursuits. He never asks for any thing, he always inquires. If he goes to an inn he never wants a room, but he often requires an apartment. Finally, a man may either live near London or else far from it, but an individual either resides at a distance from the metropolis, or else in its immediate vicinity.

Slang of this sort Dean Trench seems to have thought beneath him to speak of. But it is an evil especially to be struggled against with the class whom the Dean wishes particularly to benefit. A real scholar will, *ceteris paribus*, prefer a Teutonic word to a Latin one; and when a Latin word is really wanted, he will use it in its right place and in its right meaning. The half-educated man will use the Latin word by choice, because he thinks it finer, and of course he will often use it when it is not wanted, and use it in a wrong sense.

We must now give a few specimens of the instances selected by the Dean. Among them we will pick out one or two illustrating the vein of over-moralizing which we mentioned above:—

**MISCREANT.** A settled conviction that to believe wrongly is the way to live wrongly, has caused that in all languages words which originally did but indicate the first have gradually acquired a meaning of the second. There is no more illustrious example of this than 'miscreant,' which now charges him to whom it is applied, not with religious error, but with extreme moral depravity; while yet, according to its etymology, it did but mean at the first unbeliever, and as such would have been as freely applied to the morally most blameless of these as to the vilest and the worst. In the quotation from Shakspeare, York means to charge the maid of Orleans as a dealer in unlawful charms, with apostacy from the Christian faith, according to the low and unworthy estimate of her character, above which even Shakspeare himself has not risen. 'We are not therefore ashamed of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, because *miscreants* in scorn have upbraided us that the highest of

our wisdom is, Believe.'—HOOKER, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, l. v.

"Curse, *miscreant*, when thou comest to the stake.—SHAKSPEARE. *I Henry VI.*, act 5, sc. 2.

"The consort and principal servants of Soliman had been honorably restored without ransom; and the Emperor's generosity to the *miscreant* was interpreted as treason to the Christian cause.—GIBBON, the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, c. 58.

"**MEASLES.** This has only been by later use restrained to one kind of *spotted* sickness; but 'meazel' (it is spelt in innumerable ways) was once leprosy, or more often the leper himself, and the disease 'meselry.'

"Forsothe he was a stronge man and riche, but *mesell*.—*4 Kings*, v. 1. WICLIF.

"In this same year the mysesles thorowout Cristendom were slandered that thei had mad covenant with Sarasenes for to poison all Christen men.—CAPGRAVB, *Chronicle of Englande*, p. 186.

"He (Pope Deodatus) kissed a mysel, and sodeynly the mysel was whole.—*Id. Ib.* p. 95.

"**BEASTLY, BEASTLINESS.** We translate (Cor. 15: 44), 'a natural body;' some have regretted that it was not rendered 'an animal body.' This is exactly what Wiclf meant when he translated the 'corpus animale,' which he found in his *Vulgate*, 'a beastly body.' The word had then no ethical coloring; nor, when it first acquired such, had it exactly that which it now possesses.

"It is sown a beastli bodi; it shall rise a spiritual bodi.—*I Cor. 15: 44.* WICLIF.

"Where they should have made head with the whole army upon the Parthians, they sent him aid by small companies, and when they were slain they sent him others also. So that by their beastliness and lack of consideration they had like to have made all the army fly.—NORTH, *Plutarch's Lives*, p. 769.

Dean Trench several times quotes Capgrave's *Chronicle of England*. It is a pity he did not include the word "Saracen"—he has "Turk" in his *Select Glossary*—as he might thus have explained to the editor and translator of Capgrave how Henry of Lancaster came to fall in with that particular kind of *miscreant*, not only on the banks of the Jordan, but also on those of the Niemen and the Dwina.

From The Examiner, 18 June.

#### NEW AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

A VERY crowded and very interesting meeting of the Geographical Society, under its new president, the Earl of Ripon, took place on Monday last, the subject being the recent discoveries on the eastern side of Africa, by Captains Burton and Speke. These intrepid and scientific travellers, conquering a thousand difficulties, succeeded in penetrating the continent between latitudes four degrees north and eight degrees south to the depth of six hundred miles over land that foot of European never trod before. The most remarkable of the discoveries made consisted of two vast fresh-water lakes, those of Ujiji and Nyanza, the bare existence of the first of which only had been known, while that of the last, by far the largest, had not even been suspected.

We shall confine our notice to the lake Nyanza, as the most important. This was visited by Captain Speke only, his companion having been prevented by heavy sickness from accompanying him. It was found to lie three thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and hence above three times higher than the lake of Geneva. Its breadth was estimated from forty to ninety miles, and its length conjectured at three hundred, which would give it an area equal to that of two-thirds of Ireland. This mighty inland sea is conjectured by Captain Speke to be the true and long sought for source of the Nile, a question which has puzzled civilized men for two thousand years, and is still unsettled. The subject, of course, gave rise to much discussion at the meeting. In our own judgment the question is more one of words than substance. Every great river has many sources, and it depends on the nomenclator to which of several contributing streams he may give the name which practice has assigned to the main trunk formed by their conjunctions. The Nile itself has three main branches before it enters Nubia and Egypt, to two of which we give the name Nile, distinguishing them as the Black and the White, according to the color of their waters. It would prevent confusion to give specific names to each affluent distinct from that of the main river, and this, indeed, is what is done in the case of a larger river than the Nile, the Indus, which takes this name only after the junction of its five contributors.

We have, however, no doubt but that the water of the lake Nyanza does contribute largely towards feeding the classic stream, the inundation of which is the source of the fertility of that Egyptian valley which for thousands of years has exercised so large an influence on the civilization of man. Over the extensive table land in which the lake lies, and which often rises to the height of five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, the rainy monsoon extends for the six months from November to May, and it is difficult to imagine any other source than this of the Nile and its periodical inundation. The lake Nyanza may be considered as the natural reservoir of the long and heavy rains of this equatorial region, to which it may be added that it lies in the same meridian as the Egyptian valley. The season of the rains, it may be objected, does not correspond with the commencement of the inundation of the Nile, which begins in June and extends to September, but the difference is explained by the absorption of water over one thousand five hundred miles of arid land in a country where it hardly ever rains.

By some writers the melting of winter snows by the heats of summer have been considered as the real cause of the inundation of the Nile, and for the accumulation of the snow in question they have imagined the existence of a certain mountainous range of great height near the equator, which they have called "the mountains of the moon," and might just as well have called "mountains in the moon," since no reliable traveller has ever seen them, and assuredly not our present travellers, to whom they must have been in sight had they been within two hundred miles of them. The theory, too, is not tenable, for this obvious reason, that in the neighborhood of the equator, there being no distinction of summer and winter, there could be no material melting of snows. In such latitudes the line of congelation would be at the height of some eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and here not rain, but snow or sleet, would fall.

Of the country and people seen by our enterprising travellers we have but a few words to say. The land is evidently less favored by nature than that of the western side of the continent, and negroes are physically and perhaps even mentally inferior. The eastern

side possesses no navigable rivers leading to the sea, as does the western, nor has it the gold or the valuable palm oil of the latter. Its corns consist of millet and of maize, the last received from America through India. With apparently abundant facilities for irrigation, not a grain of rice, the main cereal of the tropics, is grown by the rude and stupid inhabitants. The only valuable product is coffee, still, however, in the wild state only. This is a peculiar indigenous plant of this part of Africa, although we call it Arabian, because we first derived it in its cultivated state from that country. The common fowl and oxen, the latter used only for their flesh and small milk, but not for labor, are the only animals which have been domesticated. The

horse is unknown, and so is the hardy ass, unless to a few Arabian settlers. Man, then, has here no help in his toil, without which any respectable progress towards civilization is impossible. A hardy coarse cotton is grown, and the art of weaving a fabric of corresponding quality is understood. So is the art of making malleable iron, the highest stretch of negro civilization in this part of Africa. Letters are unknown to the negroes of the eastern coast, as indeed they are to all African negroes. The staple exports consist of the bodies of the inhabitants in bondage, and of the tusks of slaughtered elephants. The imports correspond in value. It would be but to deceive the public to promise a beneficial commerce with such a country and such a people.

**BHOOL SHIKUN, OR, THE DESTROYER OF IDOLS.**—Sultan Mahmood made thirteen cruel and successful expeditions from Ghisni, against the Hindoo rajahs, from one of which he carried to his capital a spoil of fifty thousand captives, three hundred and fifty elephants, with gold, diamonds, pearls, and precious effects to an incredible amount. These riches were generally secreted in temples: hollow images were filled with jewels; gold and silver, which had been accumulating for ages, were buried under the pavement. At the destruction of the temple of Somenaut, the Brahmins offered the Sultan a large sum to spare the principal idol, which he refused, saying he preferred the title of "the destroyer of idols," to the "seller of idols," and, brandishing his mace, inflicted so violent a blow on the image, that it broke in pieces, and there issued from it an amazing collection of the most precious jewels. The Sultan was immediately congratulated by his Mahomedan courtiers, on the purity and effect of his zeal; and from thence assumed the additional title, a glorious one in their estimation, of Bhool Shikun, the "Destroyer of Idols."—*Forbes*, vol. 3, p. 142.

**THE CITY OF AURUNGABAD. THE THRONE OF AURUNGZEBE AND THE STARTLED HARE.**—May 31, 1794. This morning we made another excursion from our encampment to view the city of Aurungabad and its environs. We went first to the palace, which was built by Aurungzebe, at the same time as the city; and in the multiplicity and extent of its offices and apartments, exhibits a strong proof of the magnificence of that great but bigoted monarch, and of the melancholy mutability of human grandeur; for, in the short space of ninety years, the splendid remains of this princely structure are mouldering into dust, and some parts quite obliterated.

We first entered by a lofty gateway into a vast area called the Jellougah, or the place where the imperial guards paraded; the gates here, as in most other oriental palaces and cities, being intended for the admission of state elephants, with the exalted houdar on their backs, are on a large scale, and add much to the general grandeur. From the Jellougah we ascended a noble flight of steps into another spacious court, on the western side of which was the duanauum, or public hall of audience, and opposite to it the nobat khani, or music-gallery. On approaching the hall of audience, a timid hare started from the spot where stood the musnud of Aurungzebe; that throne where the proudest monarch in the world was seated in all his glory! The throne was elevated in the most conspicuous part of this superb hall; the hall itself was filled with ameers of the first distinction, and the spacious court crowded with haughty warriors and other nobles, while the air echoed with the swelling notes from the Nobat Khani, and the voices of the chodpars and heralds loudly proclaiming, "May the King of the World live forever!" From that throne, which the proudest nobles then approached with awe and palpitation, now sprang forth a terrified little hare!—*Sir Charles Malet.*

**MESSRS. BROWN, TAGGARD, AND CHASE** have published a life of Garibaldi, by his friend, Theodore Dwight, author of "A Tour in Italy." This work will be read with eager interest by the American public.

**BLACK TEETH.**—Black teeth are in so much esteem among the Banyans that they call the white-teethed Europeans *bondas*, or apes.—*P. H. Bruce.*

From The Economist.

THE DEFICIENCY OF LABOR IN THE  
WEST INDIES.

THE meeting held last evening to consider the evils involved in the system of Chinese and Coolie immigration to the Mauritius and the West Indies, indicates an improved and sounder tone of thought and argument on the part of the philanthropic party. They no longer put forward with any prominence their doubts as to the deficiency of the West Indian labor markets,—which, though still, we observe, strongly contested, can scarcely be regarded as a really doubtful point, in the face of the pecuniary sacrifices which almost all these colonies are willing to make in order to get fresh labor,—but they put forward instead those evils in the method at present employed to supply this deficiency which undoubtedly require careful attention and strict regulation. As the point at issue, which has been recently elucidated by a ponderous blue-book, is one likely enough to occupy soon the attention of Parliament, even if the Committee of the House of Lords, for which the memorandum agreed to on Wednesday night asked, should not be appointed, we gladly seize the present opportunity to mark those principles and practical difficulties which are, in our opinion, beyond question, as well as those which do require fresh investigation.

In the first place, there is, we believe, no doubt at all that if a larger supply of labor could be attained in the West Indies without any very great incidental evils, the benefit experienced even by the planters would be by no means so great as that of the Negro population themselves. We think the philanthropic party, in their tenderness for the emancipated Africans are sometimes not a little blind to the advantages of stern industrial necessities. We are no believers in Mr. Carlyle's gospel of the "beneficent whip" as the bearer of salvation to tropical indolence. But we cannot for a moment doubt that the first result of emancipation was, in most of the islands, to substitute for the worst kind of moral and political evil, one of a less fatal but still of a very pernicious kind. The Negroes had been treated as mere machines for raising sugar and coffee. They were suddenly liberated from that mechanical drudgery; they became free beings,—but without the discipline needful to use freedom well, and unfortunately with a larger amount of practical freedom than the laboring class of any Northern or temperate climate could by any possibility enjoy. They suddenly found themselves in most of the islands, in a position in many respects analogous to that of people possessed of a moderate property in England, who can supply their principal wants without any positive labor, and have no ambition to

rise into any higher sphere than that into which they were born. The only difference was, that the Negroes in most of the West Indian islands wanted vastly less than such people as these in civilized States,—wanted nothing in fact but the plantains they could grow almost without labor, and the huts which they could build on any waste mountain land without paying rent for it. The consequence naturally was, that when the spur of physical tyranny was removed, there was no sufficient substitute for it, in most of the islands, in the wholesome hardships of natural exigencies. The really "beneficent whip" of hunger and cold was not substituted for the human cruelty from which they had escaped. In Barbadoes alone, perhaps, the pressure of a dense population with the absence of any waste mountain lands on which the Negroes could squat rent free, was an efficient substitute for the terrors of slavery. And, consequently, in Barbadoes alone has the Emancipation Act produced unalloyed and conspicuous good. The natural spur of competition for the means of living took the place there of the artificial spur of slavery, and the slow, indolent temperament of the African race was thus quickened into a voluntary industry essential to its moral discipline, and most favorable to its intellectual culture.

Now, what the accident of population and soil has done for Barbadoes, it cannot be doubted that a stream of immigration, if properly conducted, might do in some degree for the other islands. We do not rest the case on the low ground of increasing the sugar and coffee crops, but rather on the clear moral advantages to the laboring population of a necessity for competition. That immigration does practically affect the supply of sugar, etc., the following statistics will show;—but it is not simply increasing the stock of sugar,—not even as stimulating the production of free-grown sugar as compared with slave-grown sugar,—but as stimulating the industry of the Negro population, the very first essential of their moral progress,—that we wish to draw attention to the importance of increasing the supply of labor. We find one of the Emigration Commissioners, Mr. Murdoch, in an interesting *memorandum* on this subject, giving us the following comparison between the islands which have been recently supplied with immigrants, and those which have not:—

	Sugar, cwts.		
	Number of Immigrants.	Sugar cwts. three years. Last	
Mauritius	209,490	1,939,288	4,194,757
British Guiana	24,946	1,560,234	2,288,532
Trinidad	11,981	813,489	1,344,456

With these are contrasted the results in

Jamaica and Antigua, where there has been very little immigration :—

	Three years after Apprenticeship.	Last three years.
	cwts.	cwts.
Jamaica . . .	1,812,264 . . .	1,244,873
Antigua . . .	569,563 . . .	627,703

These results do not of course necessarily represent in any degree the fresh spur to diligence on the part of the old population, caused by the new labor. In islands like Trinidad, where the amount of unredeemed land suited for such production is almost unlimited, the new labor introduced cannot for a long time press on the old labor at all. But wherever the amount of land fitted for this kind of culture is nearly exhausted, the presence of the new competition will soon be felt. And, in any case, it is only through this gradual supply of the labor market that we can hope to bring the wholesome spur of necessity to act eventually on the laboring class. Englishmen, indeed, may well think that at times the good influences of this competitive jostling for employment are overrated and its evil underrated. But this is far from true of the Negro race. To their slow and unambitious temperament, influences of this kind are almost unalloyed good, as the great superiority in the population of Barbados to that of the other islands sufficiently shows.

But, nevertheless, the grave evils in a Coolie and Chinese immigration, especially as at present carried on, are quite indisputable. We do not speak mainly of the evils to the poor immigrants themselves. These might, we are sure, be easily reduced to an insignificant amount. That thirteen and seventeen percent, or even a larger number, have died on the passage from Calcutta to the West Indies, is, no doubt, a frightful fact. But as this mortality is chiefly limited to two years, 1857 and 1858, and does not apply at all to the same extent to the Coolie immigration from Madras or other parts of India, and as it seems highly probable that the adoption of new precautions may soon do away with this terrible fatality, we do not think any evil of that kind at all a final objection to the practice.

It would be an objection of far graver kind

if it were eventually found impossible to preserve any thing like equality in the proportion between the sexes of the immigrants. The Coolies will not intermarry with any other race, and at present the difficulty of persuading any large number of the female sex to emigrate has been nearly insurmountable. The result has been that vice and degradation of the most frightful kind have frequently been introduced into our colonies by the crowds of unmatched immigrants thus introduced.

And this fact directly suggests the really fundamental difficulty for our colonial statesmen to deal with, in grappling with this question. These Coolie and Chinese immigrants are at present a mere temporary influx, who come for gain and on the express promise of being sent back again within five or ten years, and who never contemplate for a moment any real incorporation with the colony in which they work. Bringing with them depraved, heathen habits, and the detestable traditions of the worst forms of idolatry, and always looking forward to their return as the epoch when they will renew their heathen worship and find themselves again among heathen standards of action,—they are almost proof against the best influences which can be brought to bear upon them, and, what is worse, they are not only proof against the good, but missionaries for evil. They are closely associated in their labor with a race that is just emerging out of barbarism with the fostering aid of Christianity, and we need not say that their social influence on such a race is deteriorating in the extreme. The difficulty would be indefinitely diminished, were the new immigrants a permanent addition to the population. By careful regulations for that purpose, they might, in that case, be subdued by the higher influences of their English teachers; but the prospect of speedy restoration to the country and habits of their birth, entirely foils such attempts as these. How far this great difficulty can be overcome; and if it cannot, how far it may more than balance the moral and physical advantages of a fuller labor market,—it requires the most careful inquiry to determine.

THE Belgian Royal Historical Society has issued another of its annual volumes containing the Memoirs of Pasquier de La Barre, Procureur-General at Tournai, who was decapitated during the wars of the Reformation, by order of the Duke of Alba. These Memoirs are among the most important contributions to the history

of the great religious struggle of the sixteenth century.

EVEN suicides have now found their historian in M. F. Dabadie, who has published a work on "Les Suicidés Illustrés."

From The Economist, 6 Aug.

THE HOPES OF ITALY AND THE INTENTIONS OF FRANCE.

THE Emperor of the French has given a very significant hint to our diplomats in the semi-official paper put forth on Italian ingratitude to France by M. Granier de Cassagnac, in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*. That remarkable document concludes with a passage which contains, we believe, the essence of the whole. "Italy understands, we are convinced of it, that she is free: if she does not understand it, so much the worse for her. Let her ponder well upon it. *If the powerful hand which, for a moment, was extended to her should be withdrawn, neither the fine speeches in the English Parliament, nor partial insurrections, nor sterile sympathies from the Liberal party in Europe, would prevent Austria from once more dominating over Italy, and then it would be—from Turin to Messina.*" It was to this end,—to make Italy, and especially Piedmont, absolutely dependent upon France,—so cancelling the anti-French elements in the treaty of Vienna which had made the King of Piedmont "the guardian of the Alps,"—that the Emperor of the French both began his Italian campaign and stopped where he did. Had he indeed been in a condition to complete his programme and to set Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic, *without* rousing that spirit of national independence,—or revolution, as he is inclined to term it,—which might, and probably would, have united all the Italian States in one powerful league to exclude foreign influence; had he been able to set Italy free by the aid of the French army alone, and without the co-operation of popular movements,—then he might have accomplished his object by actually imposing French influences and compulsory French aid on the whole of the Italian Peninsula,—turning it, in fact, into a dependency of France. But this he could not do. He saw that the issue of the Italian movement would have been to fender Italy independent even of its liberator. He saw that the army of Naples would insist on joining the Italian cause, and, united with that of Piedmont and Tuscany, would exercise great physical as well as moral influence. He saw that the Pope would soon be obliged to dispense with his aid and to accept, however reluctantly, that of Piedmont in its place. He saw, in short, that Italy once fairly united against Austria, would be too strong for France conveniently to control. And he stayed his hand accordingly exactly at the moment when he had deprived Austria of so much as to irritate her deeply and render his support absolutely essential to Italy, and yet not enough to render Italy independent of his support.

And now, how will this well-defined intention of the Emperor's to render "his powerful hand" essential to Italy in her efforts to keep her head above water,—above the suffocating influence of Austrian intrigue,—tell upon the hopes of Italy? It is clear that, notwithstanding the treaty of Villafranca, Italy still hopes that the scheme of Federation, at least as including Austria, may be defeated,—that Tuscany and Modena may still keep clear of their Austrian Princes,—and that the Pope may still be obliged to concede a popular government to the Legations. On all these questions the expression of the will of France is eagerly watched. Sardinia has already been compelled by it to withdraw her Commissioners from the Duchies and from Bologna; but will this go any further? Will France permit Austria to restore the Grand Dukes by force for whose restoration the convention of Villafranca stipulated? Will she allow her troops at Rome to back the Swiss regiments in their efforts to put down the popular movement in the Legations? Will she insist on Piedmont's accession to the Italian Federation in spite of the reluctance of Piedmont to accede to any Federation containing an overwhelming non-Italian Power like Austria? To all these questions the same principle provides us with the true answer. France will, in all probability, do any thing which has the effect of rendering her "powerful hand" more necessary and essential to the Italian Governments,—nothing which even tends to render them independent of her own aid. If Signor Farini, the temporary dictator of Modena, who is helping to organize a popular constitution there, is really desirous of securing the State against the return of Austrian influences, we suspect he can only do so successfully by opening the door to French influence. If the Bolognese are wise in their guidance of the popular movement there, they will take some pains to convince the French Ambassador at Rome that the new constitution will not be so popular as to preclude a more marked bias to the French view of Italian politics than the Papal Government itself would be inclined to sanction. If Piedmont wishes to escape being shut up in the same Federation with Austria, she will do well to find out that, as an isolated power, she can give France as much influence in the affairs of Italy, as she could if she represented the views of France in an Italian league. It is now as clear as the day that the great aim of the Napoleonic movement has been to secure for France a paramount influence in the polities of Italy. Any thing that will augment that influence he is likely to support,—any thing that curtails it he will oppose, even though it seem to increase the power of Austria, since he well knows that in the pres-

ent state of Italy, the *fear* of Austria is the advantage of France.

We have one inference to draw as to the duty of England with regard to the Congress. We must take no part in it, unless the way is left perfectly open to ask for and obtain guarantees for the *non-intervention of both Austria and France*, in Italy. This and this alone can materially aid the solution of the Italian question. England must either hold aloof or must mark out for herself this policy, —to oppose any Federation which would secure either for France or Austria a chronic influence in Central Italy,—to oppose the article in the convention of Villafranca by which the contracting Powers affected to deal with the Governments of Central Italy,—and to take some security that the Papal Government shall never again fall back on either French or Austrian troops, when it cannot command the obedience of its own subjects.

From The Press, 6 Aug.

#### CAN ITALY BE WORSE?

SOME imagine that a change of masters must be the only fruit of the reflux of Austrian despotism. Were this all, it would be at least a relief. The sick man finds ease in changing from the left side to the right. Italy cannot be worse than she is. Her load of oppression cannot weigh heavier.

It is worth while to take a short retrospective review of Italy, in order to be satisfied that it is no inherent ineradicable disease in the national character, beyond cure, that explains the past and present of Italy, but a system of bad government, perpetuated by pretensions to a Divine authority and sanction and support, the subversion of which may be a blessing. It is in no violent spirit—in no sectarian temper—that we allege the Central Papacy to be the teeming fountain of her degradation, her sufferings, and her shame. Where that sacerdotal tyranny has not been the actual governing power, the petty Dukes and Princes of Italy have taken their inspiration from it, and under the support of the Divine prestige which it wears, they have ruled their subjects with a rod of iron, and reduced their kingdoms to a desert. This has not been the incidental and fugitive result of the reign of a bad or profligate ruler, but the sustained and steady action of an oppression not materially increased by the worst and very slightly diluted by the best.

Let our readers listen to the deliberate statement of Macaulay on the condition of the Court of Rome about the era of the Great Reformation:—

“ Its annals are black with treason, murder, and incest. Even its more respectable members were utterly unfit to be ministers of re-

ligion. They were men like Leo X., who, with the Latinity of the Augustan age, had acquired an atheistical and scoffing spirit. Their years glided by in a soft dream of sensual and intellectual voluptuousness. Choice cookery, delicious wines, lovely women, were the delight, and even the serious business, of their lives.”

In words not more eloquent, but no less just, Sismondi writes:—

“ All efforts of the human mind were considered attacks against the Government,—all liberty of writing or printing was forbidden; all public discussion was interdicted. Nothing obtained respect but the vilest abuses; civil liberty was openly violated; men suspected, not of guilty action, but of liberal opinions, were exposed to the most painful death, not as punishment but torture. The convents themselves had their paid assassins.”

Quinet, in his brilliant language, remarks of that era,—

“ The Inquisition had stifled every semblance of life or motion in Italy. Mathematics were condemned, physical science interdicted, geometry excommunicated, that it might be proved to the world that if Italy is arrested in her progress towards perfection—if she ceases to produce—it is because every outlet is closed, and life itself condemned to perish for want of renovating care.”

Suppose an entire revolution in this state of things had taken place long ago, everybody knows that centuries of misrule are not expunged from the soil, the citizens and subjects in a short time. It took England at least a century to recover from the reign of Henry VIII. and Queen Mary. But unhappily for Italy, her last condition is worse than her first. Retaining its Divine pretensions, and assuming no less Divine prerogatives, her Government has grown in tyranny, corruption, and crime. Each duchy and kingdom has proved itself a branch of the great *Upas Tree* at Rome, and rivalled if not exceeded it in atrocity. Grand Dukes and Kings—Tuscany and Naples—have acted as if they believed that the assumption of a Divine sanction was a warrant for literally infernal conduct.

To convince our readers that Italy's past and present are very much on a par and cannot be worse, we will adduce the varied evidence of recent or living travellers in that land. Facts, not theories and fancies, are our evidence.

The late Lady Morgan thus records her experience:—

“ The cardinals govern by cabal, and all places are disposed of through their mistresses. The women of all ranks are divided into vestals

and concubines, free from the duties of maternity and the ties of marriage."

She thus describes Genoa the proud:—

"Unusual smells, unaccountable filth, though reckoned the cleanest of Italian towns. The passages were squalid, and closer than any in St. Giles' or old Paris. Its disheartening dirt, discomfort, and decay perfectly confounded me."

Of Naples she remarks:—

"The Government reduces the great majority of the people to slavish insensibility to national degradation and national honor; the subject is too ignorant to comprehend the causes of his sufferings, and too listless to seek their removal."

The portrait of the central régime which inspires all the petty royal and ducal suffrages, is thus drawn by the Abbe Lamenais:—

"One sees everywhere in Italy some grievous spectacle and mark of bondage. The universal misery revealing itself under so many hideous forms contrasts, in most places, with the native riches of the soil. Even religion seems to have done nothing during ten centuries but build itself a vast sepulchre. There seems to arise from Rome some indescribable vapor of the tomb. We may live there with the hope of death, but never with that of life. There exists not in the place the shadow of vitality—no movement save the secret agitation caused by the hidden multitude of small interests which crawl and creep in darkness like worms in the gloom of the sepulchre."

Sismondi says:—

"The Italians are nourished from infancy to old age with the poison of corruption. A profound pity for the fate of this nation, so cruelly debased by man, so richly endowed by nature, must be the result of this examination."

A very recent traveller, free from Anglican opinions, and perfectly untouched by Exeter-hall—Dr. Baird, of America, thus gives his recent personal experience:—

"What is absolutely confounding is the fact that in proportion as you approach the city of Rome, come from what end of Italy you may, bad government, physical desolation, ignorance, irreligion, vice, and crime all increase. When you reach Rome you will find less of true piety and purity of morals than in any other city of Christendom."

Malte Brun writes:—

"The universal taste for the *farniente* is not wholly to be attributed to the influence

of climate. It is to a moral rather than to a physical cause that we must have recourse to account for the change in the mass of a people which has preserved no trace of the activity and power of its ancestors. Who has not remarked the annoyance with which the beggar demands the price of his importunity. He thinks his destitution gives him a right to the charity he implores. This idea leads to another, that beggary is a trade, a lawful occupation; shame has no longer access to his soul, and if begging procures him a subsistence he prefers it to work. Those great plague-spots of Italy, brigandage and beggary, are spread over the kingdom of Naples as well as the Papal States. Every man carries a carbine and hangs round his neck the image of the Virgin or the Holy Child."

We sum up our testimonies to the condition of Italy in the just and eloquent words of Sismondi and Niebuhr.

Sismondi says:—

"Would you intrust your honor, your fortune, to those mendicant monks, or those Jesuit priests, or even to those cardinals seated at the theatre with dissolute women? Who is to be accused of these evils? Is it the country itself, the soil, the climate? No! in that unhappy land every thing from the hand of the Almighty is bright and brilliant, and every thing beneath the control of man is wretched and miserable. Are we bound to accuse the present race of Italians? History protests against the accusation."

Niebuhr says:—

"The Italians as a nation are walking dead men. Intellect and knowledge,—any idea which makes the heart throb,—all generous activity is banished from the land; all hope, all aspiration, all effort,—even all cheerfulness, for I have never seen a more cheerless nation."

Let the change created by the march of the victorious legions of France be what it may—let many ardent hopes be blasted and many a sanguine expectation disappointed, the land, the people—their moral and material condition—cannot be worse. It follows of necessity that it must be better. The festering stagnation has been disturbed; the *farniente* apathy of the people is dissipated. They have been roused to thought, and many of them to action. Into the soil ploughed and torn, seeds may be cast that will clothe many a province with glorious harvests. Her temporary suffering may, perchance, issue in permanent content. One of the great sisterhood of nations, she may share in the common lot that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy. Worse Italy cannot be. Better, wiser, happier she may be.

From The Saturday Review, 6 August.  
PEACE OF VILLAFRANCA AND ITS  
RESULTS.

THE process of extracting historical conclusions from controversial State Papers may at first sight appear to resemble gold-washing, winnowing bushels of chaff, or any similar operation in which rejected rubbish bears a large proportion to the residuum of useful solidity. Disputes, however, like those which have been lately carried on between Austria and Prussia, derive a certain interest from the knowledge that the truth must lie somewhere, although both parties may do their utmost to bury it in a heap of conventional verbiage. An Indian police magistrate listening to a charge of assault, while he takes it for granted that all the witnesses on either side are perjured, nevertheless endeavors to conjecture the merits of a quarrel which has undoubtedly a real existence. After a careful study of the various despatches, and of the hazy explanations in the English Parliament, the share of the neutral Powers in the Peace of Villafranca ceases to be wholly unintelligible. No two Governments appear to have been acting in concert, although the wishes of the English Ministry generally coincided with the designs of the Emperor of the French. Prussia desired to involve England in the responsibility of a peremptory mediation, and Austria wished Prussia to act as the representative of Germany rather than as one of the Great Powers of Europe. The ingenious author of the whole disturbance, finding it expedient to escape from the commotion which he had excited, evidently saw that a commencement of negotiations would furnish an opportunity of profitable misunderstanding. Accordingly, Count Walewski transmitted, through Lord John Russell, a project of pacification addressed to Austria; and the Emperor Napoleon favored his adversary with the confidential information that scheme of which none of the neutral Powers had approved was the result of their joint deliberations. In almost the only sentence of the correspondence which could have been written by sensible man discussing private transactions, Baron Schleinitz "regards it as a proceeding foreign to customary relations in time of war, that one of the belligerent parties should allow itself to be informed by the other, its adversary, as to the disposition of neutral Powers." After the interview of Valeggio, future negotiators will scarcely be induced to place additional confidence in the chivalrous candor of hostile Emperors. As Baron Schleinitz suggests, there was at least sufficient reason for inquiring at Berlin whether the rumor of a joint mediation was well founded, and whether the terms were correctly stated.

The published correspondence confirms the impression that Lord John Russell's despatch to Lord Bloomfield had in substance been communicated to the French Government. The document itself, though prolix and heavy, is comparatively unobjectionable, and even the Constitutional platitudes which of course adorn it resemble the respectable common-places of a country paper rather than the withering and defiant truisms of Mr. Douglas Jerrold. The opinion of the English Government was undoubtedly judicious. It would have been unreasonable, after Magenta and Solferino, to require the restitution of the state of things before the war; and while Austria still held the Venetian fortresses, all attempts at mediation might naturally be thought premature. The policy of England ought, however, to have been communicated to both belligerents, or to have been confided exclusively to the neutral Powers. The French project, plagiarized from Lord John Russell's despatch, was plausibly represented as an English proposal, and to alarm the Emperor of Austria it only became necessary to invent the statement that Prussia and Russia had adhered to the scheme. On the whole, it is fortunate that the combination of blundering and sharp practice led to a result which is perhaps not altogether to be deprecated. Prussia willingly escaped both the necessity of war and the responsibility for peace; Austria obtained a compromise which leaves the strength of the Empire untouched; and judicious Englishmen see with satisfaction that the cause of Italian independence is once more separated from the triumphs of French ambition. If, too, the consciousness of having been tricked checks the cordiality of Austria towards France, the danger of a new Holy Alliance of the three great military despots will be proportionably diminished.

The Conference of the late belligerents at Zurich, after adjusting the apportionment of the Lombard debt, will be principally employed in discussing the return of the exiled Dukes to Tuscany, Modena, and Parma. There is reason to fear that the representative of Sardinia will be out-voted or set aside by his more powerful colleagues. France and Austria are likely to concur in the opinion that Italy ought above all things to be protected against the danger of acting for herself. The agents of the banished princes have probably given the fullest assurances at Paris of their willingness to exchange Austrian supremacy for French protection, if they are restored to their vacant thrones; and in the case of Parma, it is not unlikely that Napoleon III. may find satisfaction in the opportunity of affording his patronage to a *ci-devant* daughter of France. The assurances on which Lord John Russell relied may have been per-

feely compatible with the intention of exercising an irresistible pressure on the people of the Duchies. Even if the whole of the French army evacuates Italy, a veto on the territorial aggrandizement of Piedmont will force the people of Tuscany and of the neighboring provinces to choose between existing dynasties and some new system which may be rendered impossible by intestine disputes. The Sardinian Commissioner in Modena, the prudent and patriotic Farini, can only assure those whom he is forced to abandon that King Victor Emmanuel will continue to advocate and defend, to the best of his power, the right of Italians to regulate their own Government. At Zurich there will be little use in arguing against any resolutions which may be adopted by the more powerful parties to the negotiation.

The farce of recommending reforms in the Papal States will probably be repeated, at the risk of denying, on the part of Austria and France, as well as of Sardinia, what Pius IX. calls the immortality of the soul. On this question, also, the two Great Powers will assume the initiative, even if they differ in their wishes or in their anticipations of success. Both will be perfectly aware that the question can only be solved by the withdrawal of the foreign garrisons, which might compel the Pope to make terms with his subjects. If the results of the Papal domination were less melancholy, there would be something amusing in the hold which the helpless Government of Rome maintains on the masters of half the world. Catholic Europe, under its two rival chiefs, is in the position of an enlightened constituent body, where the Red, White, and Blue party on one side, and the Black and Yellow on the other, regard with equal respect and jealousy some dispassionately corrupt old attorney with a hundred votes at his absolute control. In private, and even in public, they declare that he compromises the character of the borough, and if either could trust the other, both factions might possibly consent to dispense with his discreditable assistance. After a contest, there is even a question of a petition in which the practices of the Independents and their leader may be exposed; but all the time the indispensable master of the situation quietly hums his favorite tune of *Quare fremuerunt gentes.* He well knows that when the disturbance of the moment has passed over, he will continue to hold the balance of parties, and that on occasion he may even determine for either section the choice of individual candidates. At this moment all his townsmen would unite in defending his character against the officious attacks of outside patriots. In short, the Pope can threaten his patrons with a loss of influence abroad, and in some in-

stances he will have the means of embarrassing them at home. Louis Philippe and Casimir Perier recommended Gregory XVI. to reform his administration; but as soon as they occupied Ancona he felt that he was safe from their further interference, and that he had acquired an additional guarantee against the discontent of his subjects. The President of the Republic wrote his letter to Colonel Ney in 1849, and ten years later General Goyon still protects the Holy See against the natural consequences of undiminished mis-government. The Roman Catholic Powers have repeatedly proclaimed the necessity of maintaining the Holy See; and the Pope, accepting their assurances, determines for himself and for them the character of the system which they are bound to defend. If France is scandalized by his administration, he can make Austria the representative of orthodoxy, and at the worst he can force his protectors to choose between his despotism and his expulsion. Well was it sung by the poet that "the Pope is a happy man." His spiritual adherents not unnaturally discover a providential necessity in the singular consequences of political convenience acting on an anomalous institution. On a small scale, similar complications sometimes arose in ancient Greece, where there was a question of the security and independence of Delphi and its oracle. The citizens who lived by the prosperity of the temple always found, when they were seriously threatened that some conscientious Philip of Macedon was forthcoming to defend their sacred immunities. It is true that complaints were afterwards made that the oracle *Philipppized*, and, in the case of the modern Delphi, it is for French diplomacy to take care that the Pythoness is not provoked into an undue tendency to Austrianize.

From The Saturday Review, 13 Aug.

#### GERMANY AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

AUSTRIA and Prussia quarrelling and on the point of rupture—the smaller States of Germany turning their thoughts to Paris—their representatives "rubbing their noses on the Imperial threshold, and applying, in very loud whispers, for freedom"—the police in Darmstadt removing all works offensive to France from the shop-windows—Wurtemburg repealing the prohibition to export horses without consulting the other States of the Zollverein—the King of Bavaria, lately so chivalrous and defiant, apologizing for the passage of troops through his territory on the plea that he did not know where they were going! Are we in 1859 or in 1804? Is this the second French Empire or the first? Have Austerlitz and Jena been, or are they still to be? The theory that historical char-

acters and events come round in cycles has long been exploded. But it remains true that human folly, jealousy, selfishness, cowardice, if a thousand times placed under the same circumstances, will a thousand times produce the same results. A thousand times disunion between the leaders will reproduce confusion, panic *sauve qui peut* among the followers. A thousand times separate interests will be fatal to the common cause. A thousand times the dastardly cringing of the victim will tempt instead of averting the blow of the oppressor. A thousand times division among the States of Germany will provoke and pave the way for the invasion—perhaps the conquest—of Germany by France.

But, happily for Germany and for the world, one main circumstance is changed since Jena. The War of Liberation has left its effects in a unity of national sentiment among all Germans, and a common hatred of France, which traverses all the artificial divisions of the petty States, and which the approach of French aggression would call forth in all its power. Austria and Prussia may be divided, but the heart of Germany is one. The petty Powers of Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Darmstadt may be as cowardly, as selfish, as abject, as unworthy of the German name as their predecessors at the beginning of the century. But their cowardice, their selfishness, their abject fawning on France, is not that of the people who are disgraced and weakened by their Lilliputian sway. "There are not wanting," says the *Times* Correspondent, "those who remember the Confederation of the Rhine, and think its renewal not impossible. If it depended only on the Princes, it might perhaps come to pass, but the people now have a powerful voice in such questions, and they become more anti-French as they perceive France to be more successful." There lies the real security of Europe against a repetition of that successful brigandage of the first Napoleon which still, unhappily, is the highest ideal of national greatness that French nature is able to conceive. The first Napoleon gained his victories over kings. The second Napoleon will have to contend against nations. The soldiers of the War of Liberation, instead of the spiritless automatons of old Prussia, would meet him directly he crossed his frontier. If the German Kings would not lead the German people to defend their independence, the German people would find leaders for themselves, and the national peril would accomplish that which was in vain attempted by the Revolutionists of 1848. The first Napoleon effectually dispelled illusions which the *Moniteur* will find it difficult, with all its eloquence, to restore. France has been seen, once for all, in her true colors, regardless

of her own honor and freedom, provided she can trample on the honor and extinguish the freedom of other nations. The insolent paens of her historians and her popular writers may have been pleasant to her own vanity, but they have not been without their effect in awakening the vigilance and the patriotism of her former victims. The value of the "emancipation" which she promises, and of the "rights of man" which she propagates, is known. No revolutionary Tarpeia will again open to the Augereaus and Davouts the citadel of European civilization, and again receive the reward of a traitress for her pains. France has been successful against Austria, because the Austrian was fighting, not for a real part of his own dominions or on his own soil, but for a discontented dependency, and on soil friendly to the invader. She might in the same way be successful in Venetia. She might in the same way be successful in Poland. She might be successful in Ireland also, if Ireland were now as it was when Hoche appeared with his revolutionary armament in Bantry Bay. These are the loose joints in the moral armor of her neighbors, which the French Empire, the type of all immorality itself, has the cunning to perceive and pierce. Against a united nation it never prevailed, and will never prevail. England vanquished it. Russia repulsed it. Tyrol defeated it. Even Spain never succumbed to it. Austria, with her colossal armaments, falls in the struggle, because she was fighting not for, but against, the sacred principle of national independence—though, in another sense, as the victim of French conspiracy, she deserved and had, as against the French Empire, the sympathy of the world. She fell before the cause of Italy, not before the cause or the sword of France. But Belgium, though it also was once marked out by the spoiler as a prey, has stood, and will stand, safe in the moral strength of its nationality, and in the undivided sympathy of all free nations.

Yet it is vain to say that Germany is not in danger. The French Emperor has achieved that which, if he meditates aggression, must be his first object. His unscrupulous and lying diplomacy has succeeded in putting deep division between Austria and Prussia; and a want of concert between these two Powers may lead to disasters and humiliations at the outset which it would require the utmost efforts of the nation to retrieve. It is melancholy to see the cause of Germany and Europe imperilled by these ridiculous susceptibilities. No men but touchy diplomats could fail, with a great danger impending over both parties, to sweep away the misunderstanding with a few frank and manly words. It was morally impossible that Prus-

sia—herself a Liberal State—should support Austria in maintaining Absolutism and Ultramontanism in Italy. Her refusal to do so by no means implies the slightest unwillingness to assist the same Power, as a member of the German Confederation, in maintaining any right of which the Confederation can properly take cognizance. The French Emperor himself declares, when speaking to the French people, that it was the threatened interposition of the neutral Powers—that is, of course, principally of Prussia—which checked him in his career of conquest, and forced him to cut off Venetia from his programme. What stronger proofs can Austria desire that Prussia is more her friend than France? The position of the Austrian Empire in the German Confederation, being, as she is, principally non-German, is very anomalous and often very embarrassing; and if Austrian statesmen have any sense, they will make allowance for this fact, and not permit its necessary consequences to interfere with a union which, from the nature of the case, is limited, but which is essential to the interest of all parties, and fundamentally sincere. Austria cannot expect the pure German States to take under their protection her non-German provinces, unless she will allow the Federation to interfere in the management of those provinces and in the diplomatic questions which arise out of their tenure. On the other hand, Prussia—as she will unquestionably be pronounced, by the opinion of Europe and by history, to have pursued the only wise course in the late dispute by arming Germany without taking part against Italy—may well afford to soothe to the utmost the wounded pride of her partner, and to let the interest of Germany take precedence of any diplomatic susceptibilities of her own. Why cannot the Regent thrust aside all the buckram which diplomacy interposes between two Governments desirous of coming to an understanding, visit the Emperor in person, and hear and reply to his complaints face to face? The chances are, that in a couple of hours of frank conversation much would be explained and much forgiven. It is possible, too, that from such personal communication a plan might arise for a more complete union of the members of the German Confederation than at present exists. The question of the Presidency of the Confederation is one about which diplomatists may correspond forever without any effect but that of increasing the difficulty. But a few frank words of man to man, such as smooth difficulties and allay irritations between those who have common interests and common dangers in private life, and French diplomacy may find its work undone, the division healed, and Germany saved.

From The Saturday Review, 13 Aug.  
ENGLAND AND PRUSSIA.

It is no discredit to Prussia that the course she took with regard to the late war displeased both the belligerents. The Austrian papers have occupied themselves since the restoration of peace with a series of denunciations of Prussia, increasing in intensity as it has become safer to denounce a Power no longer needed as an ally. At last a semi-official journal has reached the climax of invective by informing the world that the troops nominally intended to menace France were really designed to suppress the independence of the minor States of Germany. As it will be impossible to surpass the virulence of this accusation, we may hope that the bitterness of the Austrian press, having attained its greatest height, will now begin to decline. France, on the other hand, complains that Prussia virtually sacrificed Italian independence to German prejudices. But all impartial judges of European affairs are of opinion that Prussia acted honorably, discreetly, and in the main, successfully. We may say, in fact, that she took exactly the line which England took, if we do but make the necessary allowances for her geographical situation. Like England, she held Austria to be, on grounds of international law, perfectly in the right; and she even exceeded England in the clearness with which she saw the danger to Europe arising from the aggressive restlessness of the Emperor of the French. But it was as impossible for a Prussian as for an English Government to ignore altogether the claims of Italy. The sneers with which Mr. Disraeli has received the indisputable proofs of moderation and genuine love of liberty displayed by the Italian Constitutionalists may perhaps be taken as indicating the strength of sympathy for Austria which animated the Derby Cabinet. And yet Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues were obliged, in shaping their foreign policy, to take into account the fact that the position of the Italians awoke in England generally a very different feeling from that which found a vent in a paltry joke on the absence of any thing like Whig Club in Tuscany or Modena. The simple reply to all the attacks of the Austrian press is that Prussia, like England, is a free country, and that in neither country would public opinion tolerate any sanction being given to the system of Austrian despotism. Both nations, however, felt that the time might soon come when, in the larger excitement of a general war, the Italian question would be for the moment entirely absorbed, and that it might be necessary to protest by force of arms against that species of arrogant dictation which is clouded under the dignified name of the "moral influence of France."

The only difference between the two countries was, that Prussia felt her turn would most probably come first.

As Prussia occupied almost exactly the same position as England in the late critical juncture of affairs, as she acted exactly as England acted, as she furthered the purpose which England had at heart, as she always showed the greatest willingness to confer with England on every step she took, it might have been supposed that she would meet with a hearty recognition of the wisdom of her policy from English statesmen. But both Tories and Whigs have treated her in a very scurvy fashion. It was only as an after-thought that Lord Derby even gave any credit whatever to Prussia. In the important debate in the last Parliament, when the leaders of all parties expressed their opinions on foreign affairs, not a single speaker even mentioned Prussia, and the attention of Lord Derby had to be called to the omission before he recollect ed that some occasion must be taken to acknowledge that from one of the great Powers England was continually receiving the most zealous co-operation. Directly Lord John Russell came into office he began to take Prussia in hand, and he administered to her one of those irritating despatches with which English statesmen are in the habit of favoring allies on whose fidelity they can reckon, and whose enmity they cannot fear. She was told what she might do and what she might not, and what would happen if she did what she ought not to do. The despatch read exactly like the letter of an affectionate schoolmaster to his pupil on entering college. The great and wise Constitutional thought it his duty to give good advice to his scholars and imitators under trying circumstances. It seems to be considered, especially by the administrators of the traditional Whig policy, that every nation which adopts constitutional government is bound to sit at the feet of England and hear the immortal truths which the greatest of constitutional States has to impart. It is not to be wondered at if Prussians in some degree resent this. Prussia is accepted as one of the great European Powers, and cannot endure patiently that another of those Powers should read her humiliating lectures, simply because her tutor has had free institutions longer than herself. What should we think if she were to read us one of these lectures, and inform us that she viewed with apprehension our gross neglect of our Channel fleet and our home defences? We should tell her in polite language to hold her tongue, and not be impertinent. Prussia adopts a milder tone, because she feels, as we ought to feel, that almost any thing is to be endured rather than foster a coldness between two countries which ought to be bound together

by a most intimate alliance. But nothing can be more unworthy of England or more short-sighted than that we should assume an attitude of insulting superiority towards Prussia because she is anxious to make herself as free as we are.

It is scarcely too much to say that, at the present moment, the chief test of statesmanship with reference to foreign affairs is the power of an English Minister to see the position in which England ought to stand both towards France and towards Northern Germany. A mere advocacy of German interests as opposed to France, a jealousy of France as apart from a distrust of the French Empire, a refusal to recognize the number of points on which it is for the interest of mankind that France and England should cordially agree, are doubtless marks of a second-rate and narrow mode of viewing foreign affairs. But so also is any thing like an indifference to the ties which unite Prussia with England. Prussia is a free nation, with an army that, if it were better organized, would be an army of the first class; England is a free country, and, except at moments of exceptional negligence has an invincible navy. Each has what the other wants, and wants what the other has. Nor does any English statesman really forget this. We count upon Prussia, if Imperialism makes another raid on European freedom. We are all well aware what an advantage it is to us that we can virtually place two hundred thousand men on the Eastern flank of France. But we treat Prussia with foolish arrogance because we are so sure of her support. The consequence is, that the Liberal party in Prussia, which is now happily in the ascendant, and on the ascendancy of which the alliance with England entirely depends, has very hard work to justify its cordial relations with successive English Cabinets. Russia was much wiser in her day. When Prussia was her ally, she made the most of a Power that supported her. She was lavish in distributing crosses and honors; she conferred on those Prussians who were most devoted to her every mark of honor and esteem. But we are always snubbing our German adherents. We treat them in the face of Europe as our inferiors—we quench their enthusiasm by the endless vacillations of our policy. Nothing can be more unwise. Even the Queen of Spain—whom, so to say, we had invented—at last turned against our eternal dictation, and Sir Henry Bulwer had to leave Madrid because he had been the instrument of bringing home to her, in a form more than usually offensive, the great doctrine that a constitutional government is, by the very conditions of its existence, the humble servant of England. It will be long before Prussia turns against us,

if her present progress towards freedom is not checked, because she is in the hands of men noble enough to overlook small grievances in the pursuit of a great end. But we may go one step too far, and even if we do not alienate her, we are sure to suffer in one way or other for taking up a position to which we are so little entitled. Great political blunders always avenge themselves, and we may rely on it that we shall some day rue our perversity if we insist on never treating a constitutional country as we should wish ourselves to be treated.

Probably not a little of the superciliousness with which Prussia and other constitutional countries are treated by England proceeds, as we have said, from a narrow contempt for every type of freedom which has not taken exactly the same cast as the freedom of England. The profound ignorance of their own history which marks ordinary Englishmen screens from them the fact that many of the symptoms of constitutional liberty which seem to them inherent in its nature are of very recent growth among us. Prussia has much to go through before she gets rid of the incumbrances that still hang on her, but she is at this moment quite as free a country as Scotland was before the Reform Bill. And the Germans, who have at least the merit of studying well whatever they wish to know, are excellently versed in the theory of constitutional law. They have pondered the history of England sufficiently to understand in what direction they ought to work. There is no object, for instance, which the Liberal party in Prussia has more nearly at heart than to establish the doctrine so fruitful of results in England and so opposed to the spirit of continental bureaucracy, that an official exceeding his jurisdiction is liable to a civil action. It was the absence of any such safeguard for the private citizen which made a free government so hard to work in France; and the Prussians, by directing their earnest efforts to

establish it for themselves, show that they appreciate the true character of the work that lies before them. Hitherto they have not won much fame by their public speeches and writings, nor have they exhibited any thing like the force and brilliancy which made constitutional government in France illustrious immediately it was established. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that the oratory of their Chambers answers to the popular notion of every thing German which prevails in England. It is not pedantic, nor dull, nor theoretical. The Prussians, like the Italians, show that in a very short time they can get to the point of what would be accepted in the House of Commons as good, sensible, pleasant debating; and there is at least one speaker in the Berlin Assembly who goes much beyond this, and would hold his place in a comparison with the leaders of the English Parliament. The journals of Prussia are certainly stupid. With one or two exceptions, they do not seem to have that turn for newspaper writing which has been acquired in England and seemed caught by instinct in France. But Prussia is in every sense a growing country. It must inevitably become the head of Northern Germany—it has great bases of strength—it is rapidly growing in wealth—it is full of intellect which will gain European fame, if directed into those channels in which European fame can be attained. If the Empire were to continue for a quarter of a century longer in France, deadening the power, trampling out the thought, and sensualizing the character of Frenchmen, and if Prussia during that time were free, and did justice to herself, the centre of the intellectual life of the Continent would cease to be found at Paris, and would be found at Berlin. To those who know Prussia, it seems as absurd as it is ungenerous when an English minister treats the Prussian Cabinet as if it was a parcel of naughty schoolboys.

**SALE OR SELL?**—And so the French Eagle is about to have its claws clipped. Louis Napoleon consents to a reduction of his armaments. *L'Empire c'est la paix* is once again his motto. Late the Emperor of Pieces, he now resumes his sway as the Emperor of Peace. Tired of war, the soldier throws up his commission, and throws down his arms. His sword is on the point of being sold off as old iron, and the swords of more than half his army will go with it. So says the *Moniteur*, and *Punch* (of

course) believes it,—tho'gh *Punch* is not quite certain when the sale is to commence; but *Punch* trusts that, when it does, it will be found a genuine sale, and will in no manner resemble what is known as a mock auction. Until assured of this, *Punch* trusts that Mr. Bull will not relax those peaceful preparations for which an extra fourpence is demanded on his income. The announcement of the sale is pleasant news enough; but *Punch* has little wish to learn—and perhaps learn when too late—that the only real sell has been that of our Government.—*Punch*.

From The Examiner.  
*The Life of General Garibaldi, written by Himself. With his Sketches of his Companions in Arms.* Translated by his Friend and Admirer, Theodore Dwight, Author of "A Tour in Italy in 1821," "The Roman Republic of 1849," etc. With a Portrait. Low, Son, and Co.

LET nobody suppose that in the midst of "the anguish of Italy" General Garibaldi has turned bookmaker. According to the last news of that most vigorous of modern patriots, he was, though still unwell, preparing to proceed with Chasseurs of the Alps and of the Apennines to Central Italy. This volume, in fact, does not answer to its title, for it is not the Life of Garibaldi, written by himself. He has told only the story of his South American adventures, to which his American admirer adds a chapter on the siege of Rome. Ten years ago condemned to leisure as an exile, and to inaction by slow convalescence, General Garibaldi went back pen in hand to the days when he fought as a young man for republics that defied the empire of Brazil. In South America he had been leader and friend of a brave band of Italians—he and they exiles alike—training their hands to battle in the name of liberty. There he had faced death in many forms, there also his brave wife was won amid the clash of arms, and his first child was born under the tramp of battle. The wife, victim at last to her devoted toil, was no longer his comrade. Overwhelmed by fatigue, Anna Garibaldi was but lately dead and buried secretly in Italy. There was solace for the soldier at such a time in recalling vividly to mind scenes of his early life which are the subject of this volume. In New York Mr. Dwight, as one of the patriot's enthusiastic friends, procured some little addition to the simple narrative. It is a generous soldier's tale. The love of peril and adventure, of a bold achievement or a brisk encounter; detestation of mere cruelties of war, warm friendship for all comrades, and simple hearty gratitude for every good office done by friend or stranger; these, with a steadfast devotion to his home as to his country, are the characters of Garibaldi's narrative. Its matter is very interesting, not because we now care much about bygone invasions of Rio Grande, sieges of Montevideo, or wish to fight over again General Canabarro's battles. At this day Garibaldi interests us more than the Dictator Rosas, and these recollections are

not the less welcome because few will be able clearly to follow the course of political events in Uruguay and Rio Grande, to which the actions here told more especially relate. The editor's work would have been better done if, instead of cutting the narrative into short chapters with bookmakers' headings, he had ventured now and then to supply in a note any point of information desirable for the general reader, which it was no part of the writer's purpose—since he was not bookmaking—to give. The omission is not an important one. As a fragment of autobiography, not as a scrap of history, the book is to be widely read.

General Garibaldi writes that he was born at Nice, the son and grandson of a sailor, educated by homely parents fondly and liberally to the very utmost of their means, and in early years familiar with the sea. He pauses tenderly over the remembrance of his mother, gratefully over the names of teachers, but had no love for the tyrannies of school.

"Becoming weary of school in Genoa, and disgusted with the confinement which I suffered at the desk, I one day proposed to several of my companions to make our escape, and seek our fortune. No sooner said than done. We got possession of a boat, put some provisions on board, with fishing tackle, and sailed for the Levant. But we had not gone as far as Monaco, when we were pursued and overtaken by a 'corsair,' commanded by good father. We were captured without bloodshed, and taken back to our homes exceedingly mortified by the failure of our enterprise, and disgusted with an Abbé who had betrayed our flight. Two of my companions on that occasion were Cesare Tanoli and Rafaële Deandreas.

"When I recur to the principles which were inculcated at school, and the motives used to encourage us to study, I am now able to understand their unsoundness and their evil tendency. We were in danger of growing up with only selfish and mercenary views; nothing was offered us as a reward for any thing we could do, but money."

But in good time young Garibaldi was afloat on the Mediterranean as a seaman under Angelo Pesante, the best sea captain he ever knew. His next voyages were made with his father and with other captains, till he became himself captain of the brig *Nostra Signora della Grazia*, sailing between Constantinople and Gibraltar. On a voyage to Taganrog, in Russia, Garibaldi was fired by a

young Ligurian with talk of the redemption of Italy, then soon to be achieved.

"From that time I became entirely devoted to that object, which has since been appropriately my own element for so long a time.

"The speedy consequence of my entire devotion to the cause of Italy was, that on the 5th of February, 1834, I was passing out of the gate of Linterna, of Genoa, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the disguise of a peasant—a *proscript*. At that time my public life commenced; and, a few days after, I saw my name, for the first time, in a newspaper: but it was in a *sentence of death!*"

From Marseilles, where the young *proscript* remained several months unemployed, voyages were made, one was to Tunis, and from Tunis the next voyage was to Brazil. There writes the patriot:—

"While walking one day in a public place in Rio, I met a man whose appearance struck me in a very uncommon and very agreeable manner. He fixed his eyes on me at the same moment, smiled, stopped, and spoke. Although we found that we had never met before, our acquaintance immediately commenced, and we became unreserved and cordial friends for life. He was Rosetti, the most generous among the warm lovers of our poor country!"

"I spent several months in Rio, unoccupied and at ease, and then engaged in commerce, in company with Rosetti: but a short experience convinced us that neither of us was born for a merchant.

"About this time Zambeccari arrived at Rio, having been sent as a prisoner from Rio Grande, when I became acquainted with the sentiments and situation of the people of that province. Arrangements were soon made for Rosetti and myself to proceed on an expedition for their aid, they having declared their independence. Having obtained the necessary papers, we engaged a small vessel for a cruiser, which I named '*The Mazzini*'. I soon after embarked in a garopera, with twenty companions, to aid a people in the south, oppressed by a proud and powerful enemy. The garope is a kind of Brazilian fish, of an exquisite flavor; and boats employed in taking it are called garoperas. My feelings at that epoch of my life, were very peculiar. I was enlisted in a new and hazardous enterprise, and, for the first time, turned a helm for the ocean with a warlike flag flying over my head—the flag of a republic—the Republic of Rio Grande. I was at the head of a resolute band, but it was a mere handful, and my enemy was the empire of Brazil."

The capture of a coasting boat, the first act of war on Garibaldi's part, at once made him

a *proscript* in Brazil. The story of an adventurous contest begins at this point, and is the matter of the whole remaining narrative. We cite an incident or two. Once on the River Plata there was no boat to land with, but it was indispensable to procure food for the men. Garibaldi, therefore, embarked with one of his sailors on the dining table, rolling safely through the breakers of a dangerous shore. On shore he found an immense herd of cattle on the Pampas, owned by a friend to the cause he was espousing, and returned, he says,

"With the quarters of a fat bullock which had been killed for me out of the immense herd of cattle, at the order of the proprietor. Maurizio and I fastened the meat to the legs of the table, which were in the air, the table itself being placed upside down on the water, and then we launched out into the river to make our way to the vessel. But the weight of the cargo and crew proved entirely too great, and we immediately began to sink until we stood in the water; and on reaching the breakers, the agitation caused so much rocking that it was almost impossible to proceed, or even to keep our footing. Indeed, we were in actual danger of drowning. But, after great exertions, we reached the Luisa with our load of provisions, and were hailed by the shouts of our companions, whose only hope of subsistence depended on our success."

Battle, imprisonment, escape, recapture, torture, release, favor of noble ladies, deeds of arms by sea and land, surprises, hairbreadth escapes, wreck, are among the next incidents of the story. On one occasion, when the men at the launches were dispersed, being engaged in wood-cutting, Garibaldi and thirteen companions defended successfully their magazine from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, against one hundred and fifty of Moringue's soldiers. The arms of his whole force of fifty men stood by good fortune loaded in the hut, and Garibaldi, who was alone when first attacked, could defend himself by discharging them one after the other. On another occasion, capture of "the vessels of the Republican squadron"—Garibaldi's launches—on the Lagon dos Tatos, was avoided by dragging them in carts fifty-four miles over land to the shallow Lake Tramandai, which opens to the sea through breakers whose roar may be heard many miles away. They escaped through those breakers only to be wrecked on the day following in a storm on the Atlantic. Among the drowned men

were the other seven Italians of the company. Among the waves,

"Carniglia, the courageous man who was at the helm at the moment of the catastrophe, remained confined to the vessel on the windward side, being held down in such a manner, by a Calmuc jacket which confined his limbs, that he could not free himself. He made me a sign that he wanted my assistance, and I sprang forward to relieve my dear friend. I had in the pocket of my trousers a small knife with a handle; this I took, and with all the strength I was master of, began to cut the collar, which was made of velvet. I had just divided it when the miserable instrument broke,—a surge came over us, and sunk the vessel and all that it contained.

"I struck the bottom of the sea, like a shot; and the waters, which washed violently around me like whirlpools, half-suffocated me. I rose again: but my unfortunate friend was gone forever!"

It was the insupportable loneliness caused by the loss of his Italian comrades that urged the soldier to seek relief in marriage.

"I walked the deck of the Ityparica, with my mind revolving these things, and finally came to the conclusion to seek for some lady possessing the character which I desired. I one day cast casual glance at a house in the Burra (the eastern part of the entrance of the Jayuna), and there observed a young female whose appearance struck me as having something very extraordinary. So powerful was the impression made upon me at the moment, though from some cause which I was not able fully to ascertain, that I gave orders and was transported towards the house. But then I knew of no one to whom I could apply for an introduction. I soon, however, met with a person, an inhabitant of the town, who had been acquainted with me from the time of arrival. I soon received an invitation to take coffee with his family, and the first person who entered was the lady whose appearance had so mysteriously but irresistibly drawn me to the place. I saluted her; we were soon acquainted; and I found that the hidden treasure which I had discovered was of rare and inestimable worth. But I have since reproached myself for removing her from her peaceful native retirement to scenes of danger, toil, and suffering. I felt most deeply self-reproached on that day when, at the mouth of the Po, having landed, in our retreat from an Austrian squadron, while still hoping to restore her to life, on taking her pulse I found her a corpse, and sang the hymn of despair. I prayed for forgiveness, for I thought of the sin of taking her from her home."

As one of the first incidents of married life

the young wife took active part in the defence of her husband's "poor little schooner" against heavy odds. Pursued and compelled to encounter odds more terrible, when no aid could be had from Canabarro, "my wife," says Garibaldi, "the incomparable Anita, fired the first shot, putting the match to the gun with her own hand, and animating with her voice the timid and the hesitating." When that battle was over, Garibaldi was the only officer in the three vessels of the Republic who was left alive. But the spirit of the soldier was strong.

"Among the many sufferings of my stormy life, I have not been without happy moments; and among them, I count that in which, at the head of the few men remaining to me after numerous conflicts, and who had gained the character of bravery, I first mounted, and commenced my march, with my wife at my side, in a career which had always attractions for me, even greater than that of the sea. It seemed to me of little importance that my entire property was that which I carried, and that I was in the service of a poor republic, unable to pay anybody. I had a sabre, and a carbine, which I carried on the front of my saddle. My wife was my treasure, and no less fervent in the cause of the people than myself; and she looked upon battles as an amusement, and the inconveniences of a life in the field as a pastime. Then, whatever might happen, I was looked upon with smiles; and the more wild and extensive the desert American plains appeared, the more beautiful and delightful they seemed to our eyes. I thought myself in the performance of my duty, in encountering and overcoming the dangers to which I exposed myself, as the object I had in view was the good of men who needed my aid."

One passage in the soldier's married life we must yet find space to quote in his own words. It is in the highest degree characteristic. At San Simon

"Our first child was born on the 10th of September, 1840. The young mother, although so short a time before united to her martial husband, had already passed through many trials and dangers. After the terrible affair with the Brazilian men of war, she had accompanied me on the marches, and even in the battles described in the preceding pages, and had endured great fatigue and hunger, and had several falls from her horse. During her stay at the house of an inhabitant of the place, she received the greatest kindness from the family and their neighbors; and I shall ever entertain to those who have shown kindness to me, and especially to my

wife, 'Sarò reconoscientissimo, a quella buona gente, tutta la mia vita' (I shall be most thankful to those good people all my life.) It was of the highest importance that she had the comforts of that house and those friends at that time, for the miseries suffered by the army then rose to their height, and I was absolutely destitute of every thing necessary for my wife and little son; and in order to procure some clothes, I determined to make a journey to Settembrina, where I had several friends, particularly the kind-hearted Blingini, who would cheerfully supply me with some things I wished to procure for them. I accordingly set out to cross the inundated fields of that part of the province, then all drenched by the rains. I travelled, day after day in water up to my horse's belly, and crossed the Rossa Velha (an old cultivated field), where I met Captain Messimo, of the Free Lancers, who treated me like a true and good friend, as he was. He was posted for the guard of the Cavallades. I arrived at that place at evening, in a heavy rain, and spent the night; and the next day the storm having increased, the good Captain determined to detain me at all hazards,—but I was too much in haste to accomplish my object to be willing to defer my journey, and I set off again, in spite of every remonstrance, to brave the flood. After going a few miles, I heard several musket-shots in the direction of the place I had left, which raised some suspicion in my mind, but I could only go on. Having reached Settembrina, I bought some little articles of clothing, and set out on my return towards San Simon. When I had recrossed the Rossa Velha, I learned the cause of the firing I had heard, and the most melancholy accident which happened on the day of my departure.

"Moringue, the man who surprised me at Camacua, had now surprised Captain Massimo, and notwithstanding a very brave resistance, left him dead, with almost all his thirty lancers of the garrison. Most of the horses, including the best of them, had been embarked, the remaining ones were almost all killed. Moringue executed the operation with vessels of war and infantry, and then reembarked the infantry, going himself by land towards Rio Grande del Norte, alarming all the little forces, which, thinking themselves safe, were scattered about that territory. Among these was my band of sailors, who were obliged to take their clubs and go into the woods, taking my wife with them, who mounted the saddle to avoid the enemy, with her infant, then only twelve days old, although it was in the midst of the storm."

A toilsome march, made desperate by storm and famine, followed; the troops encamped

without food in the rain, they had been misguided also, and were lost in the terrible woods of Las Antas.

"There were some dreadful scenes. Many women followed the army, according to the custom of the country, and many children. But few of the latter came out of the forest, and some were picked up by the horsemen, one of whom, here and there, was fortunate enough to save his horse, and with him a poor little creature left by its dead or dying mother, who had fallen a victim to hunger, fatigue, and cold.

"Anna was much distressed by the apprehension of losing her little son, Menotti, who was saved with difficulty, and as if by a miracle. In the most difficult parts of the road, and in crossing rivers, I carried my poor little child, then three months old, in a handkerchief tied round my neck, contriving to keep him warm with my breath."

General Garibaldi, with a wife and child dependent on him, afterwards turned cattle-drover, and, authorized by the Minister of Finance, collected about nine hundred cattle, which, because of the difficulties of the journey, only reached Montevideo, whither they were to be driven, in the form of a few hides that produced money enough only scantily to clothe his little family. In Montevideo he sought then to earn money as broker and teacher of mathematics; but the course of public events soon caused him to take office as a soldier and sea-captain under the Oriental Republic of the Uruguay. He banded together the Italians in Montevideo into a formidable legion; preparing them, as he thought, for the day when there would be the liberties of their own land to conquer.

Mr. Dwight did not succeed in his endeavor to persuade General Garibaldi to continue his memoirs, and embrace in them the period of the Italian Revolution. "He decidedly declined, saying that the time had not arrived for such a work, at least by his hand." He was persuaded, however, to write a few sketches of his "Companions in Arms," and began with his wife. The memoir of Anna Garibaldi, written by her husband, precedes, therefore, a few generous notices of soldiers and friends, which are added to the narrative of South American adventure. Mr. Dwight then tells, in a chapter of his own, the well-known story of the part played by General Garibaldi in the Roman Republic of ten years ago. The last date in the book is the year 1850.

From The Press, 13 August.  
WAITING ITALY.

THE Italians saw, or fancied that they saw, within their grasp that independence which has always been the day-dream of their deepest thinkers and most enthusiastic patriots. "Il nostro liberatore" was hailed with a fervor which could hardly be expected to endure when their hopes had been so cruelly dashed. The exigencies of France may require the cessation of hostilities. But this fact, however patent to the Emperor himself, is naturally less evident to the Italians. They see only the stipulations which preserve Venetia to her Austrian lord, and restore the Archduchies to their former masters. And yet, great as has been their disappointment, there has hitherto been a wonderful moderation in their language towards Napoleon personally. Garibaldi himself has been the first to acknowledge the services which he has rendered to Italy, and the freedom with which French blood has been poured forth in defence of Italian liberty. Lombardy exults in her new-found freedom, so much so as to be all but oblivious of the different fate which has befallen her neighbors of Venetia. The truth is that Italy, while grateful enough for the past, is also unfeignedly anxious for the future. The demeanor of her sons has sufficiently proved her capacity for self-government. Every thing has been done "decently and in order." The success of constitutionalism has been marred by no act of violence, the triumph of freedom has been sullied by no deed of revenge. The exiled Sovereigns were dismissed with forbearance, almost even with courtesy. Private property has been safe, the public peace unbroken. The Italians feel that by their conduct they have deserved independence, while they are at the same time painfully uncertain whether they have obtained it. Yet even now there are no diatribes against the perfidy of Louis Napoleon. The whole nation awaits in silence the progress of events, and prepares quickly to do battle when called upon in defence of their new-found independence. That here and there a grumbler should be found is, under the circumstances, not to be wondered at. If they be permitted, the people of Italy are now quite competent to take their own part. But long years of foreign intervention have rendered them familiar with interference, and their dread is that the stipulations of Villafranca are to be carried out by the arms of the high contracting parties. Italy, the incubus which has so long crushed out her life and energy once removed, asks only to be allowed to work out her own nationality. She has long had the will, she is now gifted with the power to do so. If Napoleon will make it clear that he has no intention himself

of stifling those hopes to which he himself has given birth, he may insure the respect of a whole people. If, in addition, he is ready to guarantee "a fair field and no favor" to the cause of Constitutionalism, he will never have to complain of "the ingratitude of Italy." It is the want of these assurances which has hushed so suddenly the plaudits which echoed of late so loudly. Confidence has given way to doubt, and doubt, in the present position of affairs, is the bitterest of all cups to Italy. Once re-establish confidence, and there will be no room left for complaints that the sacrifices which France has made are not appreciated.

From The Examiner, 13 Aug.  
ENGLAND AND THE CONGRESS.

CONSIDERING the amplitude, the candor, and the earnestness of the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston, sanctioned as they were by the presence and approval of their colleagues, the least sanguine friends of Italy may henceforth feel secure that the Government of England, as now constituted, has no wavering purpose or doubtful sense of its duty in this important matter. If Congress there is to be, and if England be a party to it, the basis of its deliberations will be such as the free heart and thoughtful mind of the country would approve. There must be in it nothing which directly or indirectly implies the re-building of the shattered fortress of Austrian ascendancy south of the Alps. The whole system of policy devised by Prince Metternich at Tropeau and Laybach for governing Central Italy by means of grand-ducal Viceroys, and for maintaining the sympathetic action of despotism in the Roman States and the Two Sicilies, has been so branded as intolerable and unwarrantable by the foremost men in office in this country, that any proposal to engage their aid in its resuscitation could only be regarded as a mockery.

Mr. Gladstone, habitually cautious and reserved in his expressions with reference to Foreign Powers, did not hesitate to declare that the present dangers and convulsions were attributable, "not to the propagandism of Sardinia," but to the existence of that influence of Austria, "from one end of Italy to the other, which obliged all men in every part of the peninsula who strove to better their political condition to find themselves confronted by the giant form of Austria as the real power which denied them all hope of improvement, and which doomed them to a perpetuity of political servitude." He stated his belief that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for Austria to depart from the course prescribed by her traditions, fatal though that course must sooner or later

prove; and he avowed his conviction that, instead of being weakened, her power as a state would be strengthened, if circumstances compelled her wholly to withdraw from the Peninsula. Equally unequivocal were the eloquent terms in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer reprobated the continuance of the execrable misrule of the Vatican:—

“I deeply lament (said Mr. Gladstone) when I see a sovereign who makes pretensions to represent in a peculiar sense the majesty of Heaven, reduced to become a mendicant at foreign courts, not merely for subsistence, but for the aid of military armaments whereby to carry fire and sword over the fair fields that he rules, and to rivet on the necks of men, every one of whom, except those having a direct personal interest in its continuance, detests it, a yoke that is unworthy of a civilized nation.

There can hardly be much danger of England's being dishonored by taking part in a Congress, where her representative will be instructed that sentiments like these animate those who send him.

Nor were the declarations of Lord John Russell less emphatic as to the principles on which alone he would consent to engage in consultation with the other Governments of Europe as to the future of Italy. The Emperor of the French, he told the House, was pledged against the employment of force for the reinstatement of the discarded sovereigns

of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany; and he added in a tone sufficiently significant, that he considered the employment of troops for that purpose by Austria, after the communications that had recently passed between London and Vienna, to be out of the question. He vindicated historically the doctrine of popular choice as the truest and the soundest root of title to sovereignty, pointing to Belgium, Holland, Sweden, France, and finally to England, as illustrations admitting of neither doubt nor cavil. The leaning of his own mind was, he owned, against a Congress, beset as it must be with many difficulties and perplexities for a Government which, like that of England, refused to guarantee in any shape the perpetuation of oppression. But wilfully and unconditionally to refuse beforehand all participation in a general settlement, apart from the consideration of what the nature of that settlement might be, would be to betray a mean and selfish spirit of egotism, inconsistent with the dignity and honor of the nation. Our annals are full of other precedents, and he was not prepared arbitrarily to depart from them. We are deeply concerned in the welfare and freedom of the Italian nation, and if we could peacefully contribute thereto, a moral obligation lay upon us to do so. All must depend upon the nature of the terms proposed to us in going into the Congress.

According as those terms were good or bad for Italy, our co-operation would be right or wrong. Lord Palmerston sententiously reiterated all that his colleagues had said.

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